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## TOM STONE, the Old Sea Dog.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK.



"HANG ON, TOM!" HE CRIED, AS HE SWUNG TO AND FRO WITH THE SURGING OF THE MAST, "I'LL SAVE YOU."



# Tom Stone, the Old Sea Dog;

OR,

## THE YOUNG LAND-LUBBER.

A Thrilling Story of Prince Porter's  
First Cruise.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "YAN-  
KEE BOYS IN CEYLON," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE "PRINCE OF WALES"—A SLIPPERY  
CUSTOMER—AN INVOLUNTARY BATH.

A BRIGHT boy about sixteen years of age, with a rather good-looking face lighted by sharp black eyes, came tramping down the wharves of Martha's Vineyard, in the days when the "Vineyard" was a noted name among the whaling ports. It was plain that the lad was bent on business, as he headed straight along the wharves, and looked keenly at the shipping at anchor. His movements attracted the attention of a disagreeable-looking fellow who was lurking in the neighborhood, and who at once entered into conversation with him.

"Looking for anybody, sonny?" he asked.

"If I am, I don't see him," was the reply.

"I wasn't looking for *you*."

"Don't be sassy, youngster," exclaimed the man, in a threatening tone. "I only asked you a civil question."

"Was *you* looking for any one?" inquired the boy, with a queer twinkle in his eyes.

"Not as I knows on," answered the fellow, who was one of the land-sharks who "shanghae" sailors and send them to sea against their will.

"I thought maybe you was looking for a washerwoman," observed the lad. "Look as though you needed one."

The crimp approached the youth threateningly, with his hand clinched, when a man came from behind a pile of lumber on the wharf and interfered.

"This won't do, Billy," he warned. "You've no right to interfere with this young chap, as long as he attends to his business. I'll protect him from you, at any rate."

The boy cast a quick glance at the newcomer, and saw a smooth, oily-looking person, with a sanctimonious expression, who did not impress the boy more favorably than did the first man.

"What is your name, my son?" he asked.

"I'm the Prince of Wales," returned the lad. "I'm in disguise, I am."

"Pretty well disguised," declared the last comer, laughing. "Well, of course you want a place to stay while you are in the Vineyard?"

"I expect to meet the Duke of York pretty soon," answered the boy. "I sent him on ahead to engage a hotel or two, and maybe he might buy one, just to be sure outsiders won't intrude."

"You are a queer boy," averred the man, beginning to lose temper somewhat. "You don't seem to know when a man tries to be a friend to you. Now, my name is Deacon Phelps—any one in the Vineyard will tell you about me—and I own that hotel over yonder. Won't you come to my house and stay?"

"I can't," answered the lad, promptly. "It wouldn't be treating the Duke of York fair, after I give him the right to hire a hotel."

"I believe this boy has run away from his home, Billy," declared the deacon. "Grab hold of him, and we'll take him to my house and keep him until we can git word to his folks. As one of the selectmen of this destrict, I feel it my dooty to take keer of him."

"I'll catch him fast enough," growled Billy. "It would do me good to larrup him until he bellers like a sick calf. He blows his horn too much, the little lubber!"

He made a clutch at the youth, but to the surprise of both, the young stranger made a quick duck between the legs of the greasy crimp, who sprawled at full length upon the dock; then suddenly the lad dodged under the arm of "the deacon," tripped up his heels, and laid him on the top of his associate. The two men sprung to their feet instantly, Billy swearing like a pirate, and the deacon uttering words which certainly did not sound well from the lips of a selectman, and both began to chase the adventurer up and down the wharf. He gave them plenty of work, and the pursy deacon puffed like a grampus as he dodged among the piles of lumber and fell over casks, for the boy seemed to choose the roughest possible road in his efforts to escape.

At last he was cornered upon a wharf from which there was no avenue of escape, and Billy, swearing vengeance, rushed at his little antagonist incautiously as he stood on the extreme edge of the wharf, when, just as his hand was extended, the lad threw a summerset over his head, and Billy, clutching at vacancy, plunged head-foremost over the stringer into the waters of the bay.

The agile lad had hardly touched the dock again when the deacon was upon him; but, bounding like a ball, the boy went over his head, and was flying down the dock, having



gained a good distance before the ponderous selectman could turn.

As the youngster ran down the dock, he saw an old sailor, with a hard, weather-beaten face, seated on the end of a post, and watching their proceedings with a grin of delight.

"Ketch him, ketch him, Tom!" puffed the deacon. "He's a murderer; he's drowned Billy Selleck. A can of grog if you ketch him!"

"If he's done that, every barky in this port orter hang out her bunting, and every sailor man will have a jubilee," declared the old sailor. "Come here, you young duffer! Tom Stone wants to speak to you."

A single glance at the speaker was enough for the boy. It was an honest face—the face of a true-hearted sailor, and the lad came up to him at once.

"I'm willing to trust you to see me used right," he said. "I ain't done anything to these fellers but defend myself."

The deacon rushed up and would have seized the youth; but the old tar slid off the post, caught the old villain in a vise-like grasp, and shook him until his wig dropped off, and he nearly swallowed his false teeth.

"Hands off, you old land-shark!" he shouted. "I seen the hull thing, and he's live-oak timber. Lay a hand on him ag'in, and I'll damage your figure-head and split your foresail to the peak!"

"I'm a selectman! I'm a selectman!" bawled the deacon. "Let me go, you old tar-jacket, or I'll have you took up!"

"I'll take you *down* fust, you old porpus!" replied the sailor, as Billy Selleck came crawling over the stringer of the dock. "There comes your pard; now let's see what he'll do."

Selleck shook himself like a water-dog, and looked about him for the boy. The moment he saw him the crimp uttered an angry cry and rushed at the lad, when Tom Stone took a step forward and landed a single terrific blow on his nose, which lifted the crimp completely off his feet.

"Take that, you sneakin', low-lived swab!" he shouted. "You put a claw on him, an' you'll think lightnin' struck ye."

The deacon ran for his life, and Billy Selleck, as soon as he could gain his feet, followed his example.

## CHAPTER II.

PRINCE PORTER SHIPS—BUYING AN OUTFIT  
—BILLY SELLECK'S BARGAIN.

"THAT's the way we sarve 'em out, young-

ster," said Tom, extending his hand. "Now, my name is Tom Stone; what's yours? Don't give me no Prince of Wales talk, you young swab, for I won't stand shallow-water yarns."

"Not a bit of it, Tom," answered the boy. "The reason I answered those two fellers the way I did was because I didn't like their impertinence. Now, I like your style, and I'll tell you who I am. My name is Prince Porter. I used to live at Lynn, but my folks are all dead, and I've got to do something to make a living; so I've come down to the Vineyard to ship for a cruise to the whaling grounds."

"That's hearty. There ain't no life like it—mind, I tell you, and I'll do all I can for you. So heave ahead with me, my hearty."

Tom headed directly for the hotel which the deacon claimed to own, while Prince hung back a little as he saw where they were going.

"I don't feel safe to go there, Tom," he declared. "The old fellow might have me arrested."

"Don't you spring your scuppers, lad! My old man is there, and it wouldn't be healthy for the deacon to meddle with *him*, bet yer life. 'Sides, you ain't done nuthin'; I'm the critter that shook him up."

"But I shook him *down*, Tom—tripped up his heels and threw him on top of that greasy lummo."

"Them two work together," replied Tom. "Come an' see the old man."

Tom entered the public room of the hotel boldly enough, while Prince tramped close at his heels. The room was a low, dark place, looking as much as possible like the fore-castle of a ship. A large number of sailors were drinking at the tables and making fun of Billy Selleck, whose nose was swelled to twice its usual size. He scowled savagely at Tom Stone as he entered, but the old salt only gave him a grim smile.

"You'd like to p'izen my grog, wouldn't you, Billy?" he called out. "I say, Ned, is the old man in his room?"

"He ar'," replied one of the sailors, with a solemn wink; "and he says he'll keelhaul you for spoiling Billy Selleck's beauty. Wants you to come up right away, Tom."

"I wouldn't go if I was you, Tom," whispered Prince. "You did it on my account."

"The capt'in ashore ain't the capt'in at sea," replied Tom, oracularly. "I don't sign no articles till the day I sail, an' the old man knows ef so be he bears too hard on me, there's half a dozen capt'ins in port would like to git hold of a seasoned old harpoon like Tom Stone. You come along, youngster; you're my convoy now."

Tom, who seemed to know the house.



opened a door at the back of the bar and passed through a number of dark passages until he reached a door which stood partly open. He tapped at this door, and a stentorian voice bellowed:

"Heave ahead, you lubber! What do you stop in the after-gangway for?"

Tom at once entered the room, Prince following closely. The boy started in surprise as he saw the captain, for never in his life had he seen such an odd figure.

He was a man long past the middle period of life, with grizzled hair and a broad, sun-burned face. His right hand was gone at the wrist, and in its place was a sort of iron claw, with which he was drawing toward himself a whisky bottle which had stood in the middle of the table, preparatory to taking a drink. As he saw Tom his face flushed angrily, and he brought down one of his feet under the table with a strange, hollow sound, and Prince, glancing quickly under the table, saw that he had a wooden leg.

"Now, avast jawing," bawled the captain, shaking his hook at Tom. "What do *you* mean, Tom Stone, kicking up the devil's delight with the deacon and Billy Selleck?"

"So the old thief has been blowing his horn, has he?" demanded Tom, quietly. "I 'most knew he'd be in here, a-lying, afore I could run athwart your hawse. I s'pose he give me a reg'lar dressin' down, didn't he, now, capt'in?"

"I sh'd say as how he did, you, Tom Stone. Didn't you pitch into him like a wild Kanaker, and 'most shake the daylights out'n him, because he was a-tryin' to get me a cabin-boy—say?"

"That's it. Sail into the old harpooner all you've got a mind to, Cap. But, what I says is this: Ef so be you b'lieve that old shark sooner then you do me, I ain't the man to sail under ye, that's all."

The face of the old captain grew more flushed than before. All the captains found old Tom a very independent man in port, from the fact that he always refused to sign articles until the last moment, and he was too good a harpooner to lose. The captain stutted, stammered, and finally, like Crockett's coon, concluded to "come down."

"But, Tom, I say! You wouldn't think to sail with any one but me?"

"There's Capt'in Carson, now," mused Tom. "'Twas only yesterday he asked me what my cruise was, and kalkilated he could do better by me than that. I didn't say nothin' to him. An' Thursday Jim Lefferts—he's fust mate in the Nancy Jane, is Jim—told me I was a fool to waste my time in the Dolphin, when his old man stood ready to make me third Dickey."

"But, Tom—" began the captain. Tom paid no attention, but went on:

"It's all right, of course, and any low-lived swab like the deacon, and his right bower, Billy Selleck, can come hootin' 'round, an' make you think I'm the worst fightin' character in the Vineyard. Tell you what, Cap—ef so be this is goin' on, we'd do better to part."

"I hain't said I believed it!" roared the captain, jumping up and stumping to the door. "You, Deacon Phelps, ahoy! Tumble up here and hump yourself, you old land turtle."

The deacon came sneaking into the room with a sanctimonious expression on his oily face, and the moment he saw Tom, and knew by the expression of his face that he was likely to make his peace with the captain, he was ready to truckle to him.

"Oh, you have got the boy here, have you, Thomas?" he asked. "I couldn't think why you objected so strongly to letting him come with me. And you treated me very roughly, too. You are aware of that, Thomas."

"I told you to let the boy alone," growled Tom—"an' ye did!" with a grin.

"Don't let us have any words about it, Thomas," whined the old villain, rubbing his palms together hard. "You got the boy, and that's all I wanted. The minnit I see him I says to myself: 'There's the very cabin-boy Captain Jacobs wants,' and you see if I ain't right."

"You've said your piece, and now you may hump along and leave us alone," grumbled Captain Jacobs. "I don't reckon Tom shook you up any more than you deserved."

"You won't forget I spoke of the boy first, when we come to settle, captain," pleaded the deacon.

"I'll claw your old scalp all down over your eyes if you don't dust out of this!" roared the captain; and Deacon Phelps took the polite hint and vanished, and the bargain between the captain and Prince Porter commenced. It did not take long to settle it, as Prince was anxious to ship, and the captain wanted a boy. In ten minutes the articles were got out, and Prince was engaged for a three-years' cruise in the Pacific, and money enough was paid him to furnish an outfit. The captain, as usual, tried to get Tom to sign then and there, but the old tar refused.

"No you don't, Cap. I'll sail with you, never fear, but I ain't going to sign away a day of liberty ashore."

"But some one might Shanghae you—"

"Let 'em try it on," answered Tom. "It won't be the first time some blasted shark has got it right between the eyes for trying that game on me. Come along, Prince; I'll go with you and get your kit."



The sailors' outfitters had a hard time that day in trying to get the best of Prince Porter. They found the lad sharp at a bargain, and old Tom, who had come to see that the boy was not cheated, stood back and laughed as he saw the dealers foiled in every attempt at extortion. Prince resolutely refused to buy anything which was not absolutely necessary for his outfit, and when they left the last store, Tom clapped the lad heartily on the back, and said:

"Bless me if you didn't do that better than I could, Prince, and the cusses know me pretty well, too. What are you going to do with your kit?"

"I'm going to have it sent aboard the Dolphin at once," replied the lad. "When do we sail?"

"When the tide serves, Thursday night. We've got two days afore us, and may as well enjoy ourselves. But I say, my boy, I'm goin' to start in for a big jamboree, an' mebbe you'd better quit me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm goin' to h'ist in a heap of grog, and have a jin'ral bully time."

"Then I guess I will quit you, Tom," remarked the boy, quietly. "I never learned to drink, and I'm not going to commence now."

"There's where your head is level, my son. If I hadn't commenced it, I wouldn't 'a' been in the fok'sel now. Let's go down to the deacon's."

"I'll come there by and by. I must get my kit aboard," answered Prince.

The boy found a boatman and engaged him to take his chest to the Dolphin, and helped to get it down to the wharf. After the chest was safe aboard he came back just as evening was coming on, and landed on the wharf where Billy Selleck had taken his unlucky dive. Just as he came down the wharf he heard voices behind the lumber pile, and one of them was strangely familiar. Indeed, it was the voice of Billy Selleck.

"I'll fix the old harpooner," he was saying. "It's five dollars for me if I get him safe aboard?"

"Yes," replied another voice.

"Captain Jacobs would just tear up the ground if he knew I was in it," continued Billy. "You mustn't give me away, Captain Carson."

"No. I only want to beat old John Jacobs. He's always blowing about his harpooner, and I know he's a good one. Well, you fix it so I'll have him Wednesday night, and I'll sail with the tide, and then old Jacobs can whistle for him."

Prince had heard enough to satisfy him that some evil scheme was afoot, and hurried away, not a moment too soon, for the con-

ference was nearly over. Five minutes after he reached the "Ship" tavern Billy came slouching in, and cast his evil eye about the room until he saw Tom Stone seated at a table drinking with some of his mates.

"I say, Jim," he whispered, leaning over to one of the other men, "has Tom Stone started in for a drunk?"

"Yes; he always does just afore we sail," was the answer.

"Then we'll all have to keep an eye on him," declared Billy, as he stepped over and extended his hand to Tom, saying:

"Let's shake hands, Tom. I don't bear malice."

Tom, who was already "half seas over," grasped his hand warmly and invited him to drink.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SHANGHAEING A SAILOR—THE BITER BIT.

VERY seldom Billy Selleck refused a drink when it was offered him, and he at once sat down and took glass for glass with them for some time. At the end of an hour he rose and left them, and was seen no more that night, although the sailors kept up the spree to a late hour.

Prince at last went to his room, and after locking his door, soon was asleep. The first man he saw after breakfast was old Tom, who was looking for a comrade to drink with him, but refused to have anything to say to Prince.

"I want a seasoned old salt, you little hop o' my thumb," he said. "It takes a man to drink ag'in' me."

"But I want to tell you something, Tom," pleaded Prince.

"Tell me when I get sober," shouted Tom. "I won't hear you now."

Prince was obliged to leave him, and Tom continued to guzzle at intervals all day. Prince dogged Billy persistently until he overheard another conversation with Captain Carson, of the ship Lone Star, and this conversation decided him to call on Captain Jacobs. They held quite a consultation, and the timbers fairly shook with the denunciations heaped upon the heads of Carson and Selleck by the old skipper. Then they put their heads together and laid a plan, over which the captain chuckled. Prince went down into the public room and asked one of the crew of the Dolphin where Tom was, and was told that he had gone into another room to play cards with Billy Selleck and two of the crew of the Lone Star. Into this room, half an hour later, came Prince Porter, evidently intoxicated, and making frantic efforts to sing.



"Put that boy out!" growled Billy.

"No you don't, Billy. I sp'iled your figure-head once for playin' games on that boy, and I stand ready to do it ag'in. Let the boy alone. He's been drinkin', after I told him not. He orter be keelhauled."

Prince sat down to the table next to Tom, where he could keep his eyes on Billy. Tom was past seeing anything, and could hardly tell whether he held cards or dice in his hands. Then Billy thrust his hand into his pocket and got out a small vial, and Prince dropped his head on the table, but saw the crimp drop something into Tom's glass, and the two men of the Lone Star rose and staggered from the room. At this moment Prince raised his foot and brought it down with crushing force on the toe of the crimp, who, with a yell of pain, bounced around the room like a cat in a fit, when, with a quick movement, Prince changed the glasses, and when Billy came back to his seat at the table the boy seemed to be asleep.

"You pretty nearly killed me that time, stamping on my foot, Tom," growled the crimp.

"Oh, dry up! Let's take suthin'," answered Tom, as he lifted his glass and drank. Billy followed suit, and a moment later Tom rolled out of his chair to the floor.

"Fixed!" hissed the crimp, as he half rose from his chair. The next moment a strange look came into his face; he swayed to and fro unsteadily for a moment, cast a look of hate and rage at Prince, and sunk heavily to the floor. The moment he did so Prince sprung to his feet, dragged Tom into a corner, and covered him with some sacks which lay there, and taking a very large sack, slipped it over the head of Billy Selleck and made it fast at his waist, and then cut some holes near his face to allow the scoundrel to breathe. Just as he did so a door in the rear of the apartment opened softly, and the boy blew out the light.

"Billy! Billy!" whispered a voice.

"Here you are," answered Prince, in the same cautious tones. "I've got a sack over his head, and tied fast. Will you take him aboard now?"

"Yes, and clap him under hatches till we are well at sea. There's your five dollars, Billy," said one of the new-comers.

Some money chinked into the boy's hand; then the men lifted the senseless form of Billy Selleck and bore it away. Prince followed them at a safe distance until he saw them get into a boat and row out to the Lone Star, now ready to sail. He sat on the wharf and heard them get the anchor up, and half an hour later the ship was standing away from the island with all sails set, and

Prince turned back to encounter Captain Jacobs.

"All right, Cap," he whispered; "they've got Billy aboard and are gone. Won't there be some tall swearing when they get him out of the hold in the morning!"

"I won't forget this, my boy," replied the captain, clasping his hand warmly. "You are sure that Tom is all right?"

"Oh, yes; I covered him up with some sacks, but I'll sleep in that room to-night."

Prince went back to the room where he had left Tom, and ascertained by his regular breathing that he was sleeping well, and then, throwing some of the sacks upon the floor, lay down on them and slept until morning, when he was roused by some one shaking his shoulder. He looked up and saw Tom.

"I've got through my bum," he declared, "and now I'll go and sign the articles. That Billy Selleck was too much fer me last night. Where is he?"

"Gone on a cruise," answered Prince, rubbing his eyes.

"You be darned! Billy has sent many a man on a cruise, but he ain't going to try it himself. There ain't no money in it for him, though he's a good harpoon."

"But he has gone on the Lone Star, just the same. He mixed a drink for you last night, but I didn't like the looks of it; so I changed the glasses. Then I put him in a bag, and some of the crew of the Lone Star took him aboard."

"But why didn't the fool holler?" demanded the old sailor, in astonishment.

Prince lifted the glass from which Billy had drank, and passed it to Tom.

"Smell that once, and you'll know why he didn't holler," said the boy.

Tom complied, and gave vent to a long whistle, after which Prince told him how by good luck he had happened to overhear the plot of Captain Carson and Selleck, and had laid his plan to defeat their intentions.

"I understand," declared Tom, slowly. "If it wasn't for you, I'd be under hatches in the Lone Star now, with Captain Carson over me. I'll never forget it, but just you remember this—when Billy Selleck knows this, he won't rest until he has your blood!"

And the time came when the little trick which Prince Porter had played on the villainous crimp bore bitter fruit.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE FIRST BLOW—ON THE MAIN-YARD— AROUND THE HORN.

WHEN the tide served Thursday night the Dolphin got up her anchors, and with the wind abeam, stood away to the south. The



ship was a magnificent craft, and walked away from the land rapidly, leaving it quickly out of sight.

Prince had been assigned to cabin duty, much to his chagrin, for he was a sailor by nature, and displayed cat-like agility in the tops, and was anxious for a gale, even though attended with danger, for at the call of "all hands!" even he would be expected to assist in working the ship. He had rigged himself in blue jersey and wide trousers, with a flat cap, and looked the picture of a sailor, and his adventure with the crimp had made him a favorite with the officers. He soon learned the names of the mates, Mr. Trysail, Mr. Bunker, and Mr. Sennet, who ranked in the order named.

Then he was a special favorite with the carpenter, a bluff old sea-dog named Martin, who loved him because he had saved his chum, Tom Stone, from an enforced shipment in the Lone Star; and the neat way in which he had turned the tables on Billy Selleck had completely won the old sailor's heart.

The ship stood away down the South American coast, and at every opportunity the boy learned more and more of his duties. Tom Stone delighted in teaching him the ropes, and many a leisure hour was spent in the tops, where, with various bits of rope, the boy learned to make splices, to tie the different kinds of knots, and do various parts of sailor work. He took to his instruction kindly, and learned fast, but there was one branch in which no one could instruct him, and that was about going aloft. In this he was perfectly fearless, and sometimes even made old sailors shudder when they witnessed his daring feats.

The ship spoke an inward-bound whaler when nearing Rio, and heard of the Lone Star, which had carried away a topmast, and run into Rio to refit, and Captain Jacobs stumped joyfully about the quarter deck as he heard the news, and decided to give Rio the go-by, as his ship was in good condition. A few days later they ran past the Falklands, and Prince looked with delighted eyes at those strange islands, and wondered that people so isolated could live happily. He was standing by the lee rail, near the fore-castle, just as evening was coming on, and spoke to Tom of the beautiful weather; but that worthy only grunted:

"Been too cussed fine. If you don't hear all hands called afore you see the sun ag'in, I'm a lubber."

"Oh, I hope so," cried the boy, eagerly.

"You'll git over that, too," averred Tom.

"All hands means danger, and there's danger enough at sea."

"But the weather is beautiful," persisted the lad. "I don't see how you can say there is going to be a storm."

"You'll see afore mornin'," Tom insisted. "You'd better turn in soon and get some sleep, for you'll likely be up all night when it does come."

Prince went into the cabin, where he found the skipper smoking, and the old sea dog, who loved reading, although his eyesight was too poor to enable him to read at night, set the boy to reading aloud to him—a duty which was very pleasant to Prince, who was an excellent reader. The captain had quite a collection of books, mostly tales of the sea, and an hour was pleasantly spent, when the third mate came down.

"I wish you'd come on deck, Captain Jacobs," he said. "Things look squally to me."

The captain, who was reclining on his bunk, smoking lazily, and listening to the reading, at once rolled out and stumped on deck. His quick eye roved along sea and sky for a moment, and then he turned to the mate and gave him an order in a low voice, and the order was at once passed:

"All hands on deck, ahoy! Stations for taking in sail!"

The Dolphin's were all good men, and the order had scarcely been passed when the watch below tumbled out of their bunks and came pouring on deck. Among the first was Prince Porter, eager to take his share in the work. His station was the main yard, next to Tom Stone, and he was quickly on the yard, and had taken the weather earing, the extreme point of the yard, and the post of danger and honor with the smart topman. Tom reached the yard next, and the work of double reefing was proceeding rapidly, when, with a sudden violence, the gale which had been coming up rapidly, struck the ship and brought her down nearly to her bearings. But the men at the wheel, two stanch old salts, "touched her up" in time, and the ship rose slowly from the foam, while Prince, who had never been in such a position, clung to the yard with all his strength, and drew a long breath when the stout ship dashed away, the masts and yards springing like steel before the mighty force of the wind. At the same moment there came a loud crack, and the foot-rope upon which Tom Stone stood parted, and, with a cry of horror, he fell! With an instinctive movement, the old salt threw up his hands and clutched the broken foot-rope, and there swung this human atom, six feet below the yard, dangling helplessly over the boiling sea.

It was a time for quick action, and Prince Porter showed his bravery. As he turned upon the yard, the end of a stay, which had



parted, struck him in the face, and, grasping it quickly, he cut off about eight feet, and formed a running noose. Then, dropping down to the foot-rope, and clasping it with both feet as if it had been a horizontal bar, he coolly let his head drop, and swung head downward over the sea, which leaped and swelled beneath.

It was an awful position, and only a practiced gymnast could have maintained it for a moment.

As he now swung, his extended hands were nearly as low as Tom's feet, and the old sailor saw at a glance what his brave young friend meant to do, and with a desperate effort he managed to raise his feet higher, and the boy quickly passed his rope under and over Tom's feet and drew it up under his arms.

"Hang on, Tom!" he cried, as they swung to and fro with the surging of the mast, "I'll save you."

"I can't stand it long," the old salt answered. "I'm pretty near a goner, lad!"

"Just a minute," gasped Prince, as, making a sudden spring, he drew his body up and caught the foot-rope with both hands, and swung himself up so that he was seated in the bight of the rope. One of the top-men, who had crept out upon the yard, received the end of the line and quickly passed it around a stay and drew it taut.

"Let go, Tom!" cried the boy, as he saw that the sailor had made the rope secure; "you are all right."

With a sigh of relief Tom let go and swung out under the yard, the noose beneath his arms holding him securely. By this time half a dozen men were on the yard. The old harpooner was quickly drawn up and landed safely in the maintop, where he sunk down, completely exhausted, while the ship rung with the cheers of the men, who had been witnesses of the gallant act of Prince Porter.

It did not take long for the old sailor to recover, and he sprung up ready for duty and looked about for Prince. But the boy, anxious to escape from the gratitude of his old friend, had slid down a stay and gained the deck.

"I didn't make no mistake when I helped that there boy to a berth aboard the Dolphin, now you hear me, mates," he declared. "I won't say much to him now, but if I don't git even afore we see the Vineyard ag'in may I be condemned to sail in a lime-juicer\* the rest of my nat'ral days."

The gale was now at its height, and for three hours the Dolphin flew on before it,

\* American sailors use this as a term of reproach to English whalers, in which lime-juice is used as a preventive against scurvy.

showing rare weatherly qualities, and making Captain Jacobs chuckle with delight. The old sea-dog loved a gale, no matter what the danger might be, and certainly displayed splendid qualities as a commander. It was a sight to see him standing at his post, his gray hair floating back on the gale, his trumpet clutched in his sinewy hand, while that keen eye scanned the ship from deck to truck and noted everything necessary to be done. The ship carried only close-reefed mainsail, storm-jib and staysail, and even under these she fairly leaped. All the crew kept the deck, for they did not know at what moment their services might be needed. All night long the wind howled, but with slowly-decreasing violence, and when morning dawned the clouds began to part and break away, and they knew the force of the storm was over. And as the gray light appeared they saw over the bows that ominous point upon the rocky coast of which the bones of many seamen bleach, Cape Horn.

"That's good," said Prince, as he looked at it. "We'll soon be in the South Pacific now."

"Will we?" growled old Tom. "You know all about it, *you* do, in course."

"Why not?" demanded Prince. "It can't take us more than three hours."

"Can't, hey? Well, if you see the South Pacific in anything less than fourteen days, I'm a Dutchman."

"But, see here," cried Prince, as the order passed to put the ship about. "That ain't the way to go west—to head a ship south and by east."

"It's the way *we* git round the Horn," answered Tom, with a chuckle. "Ef the clerk of the weather had any sand, mebbe we wouldn't have to beat round the cape; but, bein' as it ar', I don't know a sailor man that can take anything but a steamer dead in the wind's eye."

The ship was now gliding swiftly away from the cape, and it was not until nightfall that they went on the other tack. Prince turned in, and when morning broke there was the cape in exactly the same position, apparently, that it was the day before; and, to the disgust of Prince, the ship went about again and took the same course as on the previous day.

"A long leg and a short one, a long leg and a short one," sung out old Tom. "That's the way we weather the Horn."

"We'll *never* get round it," groaned Prince. "I know now how the Flying Dutchman feels when he tries in vain to weather the Cape of Good Hope. We'll just sail up and down here till the timbers rot."

"Maybe you'd like to sail this yer barky,"



grumbled Tom. "You've sailed jest long enough to think you know all about it, hey? Oh, it does my heart good to hear you talk."

Day after day, as morning broke, the stormy cape appeared in sight. Day after day they left it astern, only to see it loom up through the haze as soon as the light appeared. Prince was growing desperate as each day passed, and Tom repeatedly threatened to "rope's end" him if he didn't keep still. On the thirteenth night they sailed south by east, as before, and then headed up; and as Prince tumbled out of his berth and jumped on deck, he gave a shout of delight, for the cape lay far astern, and the ship rose and fell upon the waves of the South Pacific.

### CHAPTER V.

THE RIVAL WHALERS—"THERE SHE BREACHES!"—THE FIRST WHALE.

AFTER breakfast Prince cleared away the dishes in a hurry and cleaned the cabin, for he wanted to go on deck. When he came up he saw the captain and Mr. Trysail standing upon the quarter-deck with glasses, watching a sail which was visible far to the southeast.

"The lubber is a good sailor," admitted Captain Jacobs. "Bet all you are worth he didn't fool away many hours in Rio. It's the Lone Star, sure as you are born."

"But it can't be, captain," the mate insisted.

"Maybe it *can't* but if that ain't the Lone Star, may I sail an oyster sloop from Oyster Bay. I know that patch in his fores'l too blamed well. All hands to make sail, Trysail! If we get to the fishing-grounds ahead of the Star we've got to walk water."

The crew sprung to their stations with a will, and the gallant Dolphin was soon packed with all her canvas, with studding-sails set alow and aloft, and every contrivance used to take advantage of the fine sailing breeze. When night came on the Star was out of sight, for she was standing south on the last stretch before weathering the cape. From this time until reaching the fishing grounds it was monotonous work, but Prince enjoyed it. He had gained the reputation of being a sharp lookout, and one day the captain sent for him.

"I'm going to give you a chance, my boy," he said. "You know that lubber, Barry?"

Barry was an overgrown boy who had shipped as a green hand, and had turned out to be a very green hand indeed. Nothing could teach him a seaman's duty, and he had an absolute horror of going aloft. Besides, the men in the fore-castle made it very uncomfortable for him, and he was

anxious to escape from their persecutions. Prince signified that he knew Barry.

"All right. We've got stuck on the lubber, and he'll never make a sailor. But he's been cook's mate on a coaster, and I judge he can do your work in the cabin; so, if you like it, I'm going to send you to the fo'k'sel."

Prince uttered an exclamation of delight.

"I'll come down and read to you just the same, captain," he said, "but to tell the truth I didn't like cabin-boy's work. I can pull an oar, too; you'll find that when you try me."

"I am not afraid of you, my lad. You've got the making of a sailor in you, and will get on. Here, Mr. Trysail; I've sent Porter to the fo'k'sel, and he'll be in your boat; make a good number two, you see."

"He's rather light," muttered Trysail, in a doubtful tone, "but good will is every thing, and he's ready enough. We haven't got a smarter topman in the ship."

"Give him a lookout, if his sight is keen. Remember, the one who first sights whales gets twenty dollars, Prince."

"I'd like the money," replied the boy, "and I'll collar it if I can."

"Jump up into the foretop, then," ordered Trysail. "That's your station from this out. Foretop-sail-yard in reefing, and setting sail. Away you go!"

Prince sprung up the ratlins three at a time, and was soon performing some lively acrobatic feats in the foretop, while old Tom, who was seated in the top, was fully as delighted as he.

"Tell you what it is," sonny, he declared, "I want you to wipe the eye of every man aboard this ship on the lookout. You can do it, for you've got eyes like a hawk. Remember, we are after sperm, and when you see the single spout flying up in the air, sing out like a hungry Maine painter."

"Sail ho!" shouted Prince at this moment.

"In the foretop!" howled Trysail from the deck. "Whereaway does she lie?"

"Dead astern: a large ship running on the same course with us. I— There she blows! There she blows, *blows!*"

He had seen the first whale.

Trysail uttered a yell of delight, and sprung on the rail with a glass, while Prince pointed out to Tom, about a league astern, the place where he had seen the spout. The captain came stumping to the rail, and leveled his glass.

"There she breaches!" he whispered, making his wooden leg beat a jolly tattoo on the deck. "Oh, that boy, that boy! There she breaches! And what? Blast all creation, there's the Lone Star!"

It was true. The ship coming up so rapidly from the south was their rival.



"Down with the boats!" roared the captain. "Jump, I say! Oh, if that skunk gets in a harpoon before us I'll take poison! He sees them, hang him! There he goes up into the wind! Oh, if I had another leg! if I had another leg!"

The boats dropped into the water, the men in their places. Trysail got away first with his boat, and at the same time a black streak shot out from the side of the Lone Star, and Tom Stone, harpooner in Trysail's boat, knew that he had work to do, and looked doubtfully at Prince Porter. But they had not taken ten strokes when he realized the nervous power in the arms of the New England lad, and knew that he was a natural oarsman. The broad blade of his oar caught the water with a strong grip, and the boat sprung to it as he pulled, and his "feathering" was perfect. The bodies of the crew swept back and forth in perfect unison, and the sharp boat darted forward at full speed.

And Trysail, seated in the stern-sheets, his short pipe clinched between his teeth, never uttered a word, for he was one of those silent men who can get all the work out of a crew without storming at them. Not so Sennett, whose boat came flying on half a cable's length astern. At the first stroke there burst from his lips a stentorian bellow:

"Pull, ye devils, *pull!* Look yonder, look yonder! *Sperm*, ye villains, *sperm!* You lousy lubbers, wake from your snooze and pull! What care I if you burst a blood-vessel! Don't let it be said that my boat, *mine*, the crack boat of the Dolphin, was beat by a boy! There's a boy in Trysail's boat—only a boy! Shall it be said that you, old salts, will permit them to get first harpoon?"

But Trysail's boat glided on, gaining, absolutely gaining, at every stroke, and yet Sennett's men were pulling with all their power. A sweet smile stole over the face of Trysail.

"You have them, lads!" he murmured. "There she blows! Oh, the lovely sperm! The rich, oleaginous wealth in yonder whale! A hundred barrels, boys—a hundred, if a pint—and in every barrel you have a stake! Pull me, pull me softly on! Never mind those lubbers in Sennett's boat, but beach me on yonder black back and I will love you as brethren from that hour. Ha! what's this?"

On the other side of the huge whale for which they headed a boat came rushing, a boat which they knew for that of Captain Carson. He had got his eye on their whale, and the men were pulling like mad, shouting as they came.

On the deck of the Dolphin Captain Jacobs danced a fantastic fandango, for it

seemed to him that Carson's boat was nearer to the whale than Trysail's. He roared like a bull of Bashan, and though his voice could not be heard at a quarter of the distance, he shouted orders to them which were lost upon the empty air.

It was a close race!

Carson had a good crew, and no man could have told as they dashed up to the whale which would get in the first iron. Trysail heard the clear voice of Carson say:

"Stand up, harpoon!"

And there rose in the bow of the boat the rotund form of Billy Selleck, who had been an old harpooner before he turned crimp. At the same moment Tom Stone sprung to his feet, and the two glared at each other, and Billy Selleck, although it was a long cast, sent his iron whistling through the air. But luck was against him, for the iron fell short and plunged into the water by the side of the whale.

"You've got him, Tom!" cried the smooth voice of Trysail. "Give it to him!"

Tom drew back his arm and buried his iron to the eye in the blubber of the giant prey. The whale gave a convulsive leap, and at the quick order, "Stern all!" the two boats flew back out of reach.

The whale flourished his broad flukes in the air, then brought them down with a resounding slap, and rearing his giant body aloft plunged head-foremost into the sea-depths.

"You've beat us, Trysail," shouted Carson, in an angry tone; "but if it wasn't for my cursed harpooner you wouldn't have done it."

"He threw too quick, Cap," replied Trysail, "and you hurried him to it. I knowed he couldn't fetch it. Better get after another whale."

"And remember this, Tom Stone!" screamed Billy Selleck, "I'll have your heart's blood and that cursed boy's for trapping me into the Lone Star!"

And the boat shot away, while Trysail sat calmly watching the line which ran out of the tub as the whale sounded.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE "FLURRY"—CARSON'S BAD LUCK—A SYMPATHIZING VISITOR—BILLY SELLECK COWED.

It was his first whale, and the boy felt a peculiar thrill as the line went writhing and twisting out of the tub, passing across the wrists of the oarsmen as they sat in their places, ready to pull at a moment's notice.

The lessons which the boy had received from Tom had taught him what to expect,



and he knew that a kink in the line would take them down to the coral in the twinkling of an eye. But he had faith in Tom, and knew that there was not much likelihood of anything being wrong with *his* line. The mate, with his eyes still fixed upon the line, calmly filled his pipe and lighted it, and Prince had time to look for the other boats. Sennett was fast to a whale, which was towing him rapidly toward the ship, and Bunker was having a race after another. One of the boats of the Lone Star was fast, and Carson was pulling rapidly in the direction of the "school," which was making away to windward rather slowly.

"Eyes in the boat!" whispered the mate, softly. "Is that line slack, Tom?"

"Ay, ay, sir! He's coming up."

Five anxious minutes passed, and the giant form of the whale rose slowly from the waves, and lay wallowing in the sea, and the mate and harpooner changed places and the boat was sent softly back, while the mate, grasping his sharp-bladed lance, plunged it suddenly into the back of the whale, and bore his weight upon it. No man knew better than Saul Trysail how to use a lance, and there was a sudden shudder through the giant frame, and the boat shot back out of reach, while the whale at once went into that awful agony which sailors know as the "flurry."

It was simply terrible. The huge creature bounded into the air, his body bent like a reaping hook and fell with a loud splash into the water. He darted forward a short distance and then, rearing his huge square head aloft, again came crashing down. Then the broad flukes beat the waves into foam, as they fell with tremendous force, until, with a last mighty throe, the great mammal sent a column of bloody water into the air, and rolled over on his side, dead.

"Good enough, my lad," declared the mate, as he filled his pipe again. "Prince, my boy, I'll never despise any one again because he happens to be young. I thought you was going to sp'ile my crew; but now I wouldn't change you for any man in the other boats."

"Thank you, Mr. Trysail," answered the boy. "I did my best, and of course could do no more. But, thunder! isn't that a big fellow?"

"Hundred barrels, I tell you. Carson made the best of a bad bargain, and gave Billy Selleck a harpoon, I see. Waal, he used to be a good one, and I reckon he'd have taken that whale away from us if the captain had let him alone; but he made him throw before they was near enough. I'd

never have felt safe to go aboard the Dolphin if Carson got that fish\* under our noses."

"Captain Carson is in trouble yonder," cried Prince. "Just look at that."

Carson's boat had overtaken the school and had made fast; but, unfortunately, the whale selected was one of those huge, ugly creatures, which, like the "rogue" elephant, it is always safest to let severely alone. When he first felt the iron he sounded, and the captain's good-nature came back somewhat, for it offended him to the soul that Trysail had killed the first whale. But now he sat watching the line run out in a pleasant way, until the "slack" warned him that the whale had ceased to sound. They waited for him to rise, but he was sulky, and refused to move. At last the captain, becoming angry, called to Billy Selleck to give the line a pull, and see if he could start him. Billy complied, and a moment later began to haul in the line and coil it away, as the whale was rising rapidly.

"Starn all!" yelled Captain Carson, suddenly. "Starn—"

He did not finish the order, for at that moment something struck the bottom of the boat with great force, and the light craft went flying into the air, the crew falling in every direction. The whale had come up from his soundings head on, and struck the boat from below. Slapping the water with his flukes, Leviathan now swam away directly in the wind's eye, leaving the unlucky crew floundering in the water, and their first boat, which had just killed, planted their flag on their giant game, and hurried to the rescue, and in a short time had saved all the crew, while the Lone Star came in before the wind, and quickly reached the dead whale, to which she made fast. Trysail laughed heartily, and began to tow his prize toward the ship, which had drifted down to within half a mile, and they soon met, and the tackle was rigged for holding the whale to the side of the ship while the blubber and sperm were removed. For it must be understood that the most valuable product of the sperm whale is contained in the head, and that it is far easier to get than in the "right" whale, which has no such deposit in the head. They had scarcely reached the ship, when Mr. Sennett was seen towing up a dead whale, which he had lanced after it passed the ship, and the glass told them that Bunker had had good luck, and had also "killed," a remarkable thing, as three boats from the same ship seldom secure a whale each from the same school.

\* NOTE.—Most sailors will insist upon calling the whale a fish, although it is a mammal.



"Lads," shouted Captain Jacobs, as Trysail's crew came over the side, "you have deserved well of your country, that I will say. If Carson had got ahead of you, and taken that whale, I believe I'd have gone blind crazy. Seems to me I saw him get spilled just now?"

"You did, captain. A whale bumped his boat, and he lost it," averred Trysail.

"Now, that's too bad," declared the captain, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "It always makes me feel bad when I see a man have hard luck—it does, indeed. Carson is a good fellow, a splendid fellow, and if he had anybody except me to buck against, like enough he'd have better luck. I'll have to go and see him, and tell him how sorry I am, blamed if I don't. Meantime, give the boys extra grog for two weeks."

A whale was made fast on each side, and one astern, and the men of the Dolphin set to work, and from that moment the ship was no longer the tidy craft of which the seamen had been so proud. The odor of sperm hung about her continually, and the try pots were brought into requisition. The men of the Lone Star were already at work, but they would have been better satisfied if they had not known that the Dolphin had secured three to their one. About six o'clock the captain called away a boat's crew, Tom and Prince among the number, and pulled down to the Lone Star, and Captain Carson, usually one of the best-natured men in the service, came to the rail in answer to their hail.

"Oh, hello, Johnny!" cried Captain Jacobs. "I reckoned you'd be along pretty soon, seeing you sailed before I did. I didn't s'pose I'd catch you."

"Lost a topmast off the Oronoko," replied Carson. "You never would have caught the Lone Star if it hadn't been for that."

"Oh, I seen you once," responded Jacobs, cheerfully, "just as we rounded the Horn. I had a tough time there, or I'd 'a' been here three days ago. I see you've got a little one out of this school. Who was that harpooner that missed his cast at that big one Trysail brought in?"

"Billy Selleck. Oh, don't look so innocent, you old cripple. You know mighty well it wasn't him I'd have for harpooner in my boat if it hadn't been for the trick that infernal boy played me. Are you coming aboard?"

"I thought maybe you was going to ask me to supper. I'd invite you aboard the Dolphin, but my men are working on those whales, and the ship will be mighty dirty, and the Star is clean as a whistle."

"Oh, come aboard, blast you!" answered Carson, laughing. "You've got the better

of me so far, I'll own up; but I'll be even with you yet."

Captain Jacobs was soon over the rail, and the crew came aboard and fraternized with the men of the Lone Star, while the two captains stepped below to "splice the main brace." The men of the Dolphin went forward and were warmly greeted by the crew, with the exception of Billy Selleck, who cast a furious look at them as they came up.

"Why, hello, Billy," cried Tom, "I didn't s'pose you was going to ship in the Lone Star, when you had so easy a berth with the deacon."

"Now see here," shouted Billy, savagely; "if you know what is good for you, you won't say much to me. I know how I came aboard the Star well enough."

"Is that so? Then mebbe you disremembered you was trying to shanghae me, and got caught in your own trap."

One of the other men laughed heartily, and said:

"We was as bad sold out as any one, Tom. Our old man thought he had you safe under hatches, and was tickling himself to death to think he had stolen old Peg Leg's best harpooner; and it was as good as a play to see his face when we brought Billy on deck. But I say—how did you manage to get Billy to drink his own medicine? For he was hocused, sure."

"This yer boy changed the glasses and then put Billy in the bag. I don't bear no malice now, and he didn't orter."

"I knew it was the boy," hissed Billy, making a rush at Prince. "Let me get at him!"

But Tom Stone stepped between and pushed him back.

"I won't have it," he averred. "I ain't so sure the boy couldn't get away with you; but I ain't going to take no chances. Hal put up that knife, or I'll drive my harpoon clear through you!"

Billy hesitated, with his hand still clasping the knife, which he had half drawn; but the threatening attitude of the old harpooner, who held the broad blade of his harpoon close to the ex-crimp's breast, awed him so much that he dropped his hands.

"You've got the best of me now," he growled; "but don't you forget I'll keep it in my memory, and when the time comes for me to get even I'll be there."

And with another fierce look at Prince Porter, whom he seemed to hate worst of all, he disappeared in the fore-castle.



## CHAPTER VII.

HONOLULU—CRUISING IN THE ISLANDS—IN THE GULF—WHERE WAS PRINCE PORTER?

THE rival captains spent two hours in the cabin, and when Captain Jacobs came on deck he was a trifle "unsteady on his pins," but managed to get into his boat all right, and they pulled away. He did not say much at first, and then, looking fixedly at Prince, he said:

"Mind you keep clear of that Bill Selleck, Prince. He's got it in for you, bad."

"I am not afraid of him," was the reply.

"Probably not; I know you are a nervy boy, but that ain't it. The coward is of the right kind to put a knife into you in the dark, or push you off the yard when no one is looking. Carson tells me the fellow is half crazy about it."

"What makes Captain Carson keep him, if he is that kind of a man?"

"Oh, he is an old harpoon, and a good one, only he got lazy, and didn't want to ship. But you mind me, and keep your weather eye open when he is around."

"I'll take care," replied the boy, "but he only got served the way he tried to serve Tom Stone."

"That's just it. A man don't always like to take a dose he's fixed for some one else, don't you see? It riles him so when he thinks of it that I believe the fellow is half luney. Steady, Tom; two strokes, more, and back water. Oars!"

The oars flashed up out of the water, and the bow oar hooked on to the chains with his boat-hook and laid the boat alongside, and the captain went up the companion-ladder which had been rigged for his especial benefit, and after hoisting in the boat, the crew joined the rest in securing the blubber and packing it away in the trying room. For the next two days they were busy enough, and then the denuded carcasses were cut away and allowed to drift astern, and the Dolphin sailed again.

The Lone Star had left them after securing the blubber of the single whale they had taken, and nothing more was seen of her for some time. They cruised over the whaling ground for three months, having excellent fortune, and it was not until the lack of stores drove them off the sea that they stood in for Honolulu, at which port so many whaling ships go for supplies. They found several ships in port, and had jolly times, and for a week Prince and Tom cruised about the island, visiting all the objects of interest, especially the volcano at Kiluea, which was a magnificent sight, and more than repaid them for their trouble. It was on their return from this visit that they

found the Lone Star in harbor, and one of the first men they met was Billy Selleck, who stopped them in the street.

"I don't know as I blame you two over-much," he averred, "and I'd like to make friends with you."

"See here, Billy," replied Tom, in his open-hearted way, "I ain't laid up anything ag'in' you. If you want to be friends, all right; if you want to fight, I'm your huckle-berry."

"No, I don't think I'd make much of a fish of fighting you, and the men are down on me because they think I hold a grudge against you. Shake hands, and be friends. There, that's hearty; now I'll shake with you, Prince Porter."

Prince felt a shudder pass through his frame as he clasped hands with Selleck, such a sensation as comes over a man when he touches a snake unexpectedly. But it became known among the men on both ships that they had "made it up," and a better feeling prevailed. The Lone Star had had good fortune after she parted company with the Dolphin, and Billy had distinguished himself by killing several whales, and was popular with the officers, as being a good harpooner, although the hands before the mast did not take to him kindly. Yet they treated him well, although none of them "chum-med" with him except a dark-visaged Kanaka, who was known as "Cannibal Jim," and who seemed to have something in his nature which took part with that of the sulky harpooner. This was not so strange, for Jim was a man who was also under a ban, and was disliked by the men, who did not take to his savage ways. These two men were often together, and were left pretty much to themselves by the rest of the crew.

After parting with Tom and Prince, Billy Selleck was joined by Cannibal Jim, and the two stood under the shadow of a store-house, looking after the pair in a way which was far from friendly. The Kanaka was at home in the island, and knew every part, and it was the custom, when the sailors went on their excursions, to take him with them as guide; and one day they made up a party of the crews of the two vessels to visit a remarkable cave on the other side of the island, and took Billy Selleck with them. The cave was reached by boats, and two crews were made up, containing in all twelve men. It was a ten-mile pull, and they landed about noon in a sheltered cove, under the shadow of a lofty mountain, and having secured the boats, the crew went along the base of the cliff for a little distance, with Jim leading, when he stopped, and pushing aside a growth of tangled vines, showed a dark hole in the rocks



large enough to admit the passage of a man. Two of the sailors had bull's-eye lanterns, and these were lighted, and Jim, taking one in his hand, entered the opening, and they walked for some distance along a narrow passage, when Jim stooped and passed under an overhanging rock, and they found themselves in a colossal room, more than fifty feet high, from the ceiling of which hung great stalactites, some of them meeting the stalagmites rising from below, and forming beautiful columns. The light of the lanterns, reflected from myriads of glittering points, added to the beauty of the magnificent room, and the sailors were loud in their exclamations of delight. They passed on from room to room, sometimes creeping, sometimes stooping low, until they reached a place where a stream crossed the floor of a great room, and plunged down an inclined plane to unknown depths. Prince was stooping and peering into the passage, when he received a push from behind, and as he tried to recover himself, his feet flew from under him, and he disappeared amid cries of horror from the party of sailors. Then came a shriek out of the darkness of the dismal passage, and the boy was gone without the slightest hope of saving him.

Tom Stone cast a quick, fierce glance about him. He saw that Billy Selleck, the man who was most likely to hate the lad, was standing at such a distance that it was impossible that he was to blame. The nearest man was Cannibal Jim, but as far as he knew the Kanaka had never exchanged words with the boy in his life, and there could be no possible reason why he should consign him to such a horrible death.

"De boy is gone," cried Cannibal Jim, holding up his hands in horror. "No one ever came out of dat alibe; no one knows where water goes."

"There's a rope in the boat," cried Tom. "You know the way best, Jim; back you go and bring it."

Jim darted away, and in a marvelously short time came back in a run, carrying on his shoulder a stout whale line. Tom did not waste time, but passed the end of the line about his body, and at once entered the passage, the crew holding the end of the rope, and paying out line as he proceeded. He kept his body in a sitting posture, holding the lantern in his left hand, and was lowered a distance of fifty feet along the slippery rock before he reached the bottom of the slide, when he found that the subterranean river glanced off to the right, passing with incredible swiftness under the dark arch. Even Tom Stone, much as he loved the boy, recognized the fact that it would

simply be throwing his own life away to attempt to follow, and he gave the signal to draw him up again.

"Poor lad, poor lad!" he exclaimed, as he reached the room above. "It is no use; nothing could save him; but I'd give all my lay this cruise to know whether he got fair play or not."

The men had lost all interest in the cave, and at once commenced their return, the crew of the Dolphin particularly mourning over the loss of the gallant lad whom they all loved so well. It was a sad procession which passed out of the mouth of the cave, and down the beach to the boats.

"We'll never see the boy ag'in," sobbed Tom, as they prepared to embark; "and he'd got the making of a true sailor in him."

"I say, Tom," cried a well-known voice, "you ain't going without me?"

Tom uttered a wild shout of joy, and looking up, saw Prince Porter seated on a rock, looking at them with a quizzical glance, and Cannibal Jim started back with a cry of terror.

"It's a ghost!" he screamed. "He is dead; he is dead!"

"Not much," replied the boy, stepping down from the rock. "It takes a good deal to kill a fellow like me."

Tom clasped the boy in his arms, and all the Dolphin's men were eager to get at him, to shake hands with him, to pat him on the back, and to congratulate him on this fortunate escape. Tom was perfectly frantic with joy, and behaved like a lunatic.

"I'll tell you later how I got out of that hole," declared Prince. "It ain't any thing for me to bore through the base of a mountain and come out right side up with care. It ain't the slightest use to try to kill me. But I want to say right here I didn't have a fair shake, and I want to know who pushed me down in that hole?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW PRINCE ESCAPED—WAYLAID IN THE WOODS—A LIVELY SICK BOY.

THERE was an ominous silence for a moment, and stern glances were bent upon Billy Selleck by both crews, for they had been listeners when he threatened to take the boy's life. But Tom, who always meant to be fair, said:

"You suspect Billy, mates; so did I, when the boy first fell, but I looked at him the minnit Prince went down, and he was standing full ten feet away. It couldn't be him, nohow."

"It wasn't me," shouted Billy. "You've got no right to suspect me, either."

"All I know is, somebody pushed me and



tripped up my heels," averred Prince, "and it would do me proud to know who it was. Now I'll tell you how I got out. I went down the slide on my back, and when the current caught me I went off like a shot, and kept paddling with my hands and feet to keep on top. It was a quick trip, I know now, but it seemed to me I was in the water about three days. Every moment I expected to bang against the rocks, but I didn't, though I scraped against them two or three times. All at once I went under water, and gave myself up for lost, when I came popping up into the light and air in a queer kind of well over here among the rocks. Come up, and I'll show you."

The party followed him to a place among the rocks where he stopped on the brink of a dark hole about six feet across, and looking down, they could see the water boiling up as if in a caldron. The sides of the well were ragged, and it had been easy enough for the boy to crawl out when he once reached the surface.

"The water comes up about so high and then slides off under the rocks again, I don't know where," the lad continued. "I was mighty near going away with the current, but I hung on like grim death, and managed to get out. I say, Cannibal Jim, you was pretty scared when you saw me, wasn't you?"

The Kanaka gave him a dark look, and made no reply.

"You was pretty near me when I went down, Jim," the boy declared. "Perhaps you could tell how it happened?"

"You liar!" hissed Jim. "If you say me did it, you liar!"

"I didn't say so, if you'll use your gigantic intellect a minute, Jim," replied the boy. "I wouldn't jump up and deny anything so quick, if I was you. It looks rather suspicious."

"I only wish I knowed sure it was one of them two," cried an old sailor belonging to the Lone Star. "It's mighty rough on true men to lay under a suspicion like that. Say, Jim, what have you got ag'in' the boy?"

"Me put knife in you if you dare say me did it!" screamed Jim. "Me don't know him. Why me push him down?"

"I don't know; I can't prove it. And don't you go too far with your knife, either, Jim. There's some as knows how to use a knife as well as you do. And look here! You jest dare to lay the weight of a fingernail on a knife, to use ag'in' me, and I'll knock you into the shape of a slush lump in two minutes by the clock. You hear me a-talking."

The scoundrel saw that the old sailor was in earnest, and said no more; but he knew that he was an object of suspicion to

his mates, and, say what he would, they suspected him of having some hand in the attempt on the life of the boy; for that there had been an attempt to murder him no one for a moment doubted. The party took their places in the boats, and the oars were plied, and the return to the ship commenced; and somehow they made it plain to each other that, although Billy Selleck had no immediate share in the attempted crime, it was not without his knowledge, and no one spoke to him or to Kanaka Jim; and from that moment they seemed to be more shut out from companionship with their messmates than before. Bad men as they were, it was not pleasant to feel that their shipmates mistrusted them, and refused to hold intercourse with them. The two could only associate with one another; and if savage looks meant anything, they resented the slight put upon them by the crews of both vessels.

After their return to the Dolphin, Prince, who was not easily deceived, told Tom that he was satisfied that Cannibal Jim had pushed him, but he could not prove this, and thought it best to say nothing about it. But he put no faith in either him or Billy Selleck, and was satisfied that if either of them got a chance to do him an injury they would do so.

They had been in port four days after the coming of the Lone Star, when Captain Jacobs gave Prince a message to carry to the interior, and told him to hire a horse and not wait for any companion. It was in the middle of the day when he set out, riding a horse which he had hired from a native. The gentleman to whom he carried the message lived ten miles in the interior, and having delivered it, he started back. A part of the way led through a desolate tract among high hills, and as he rode through one of the passes in the gathering darkness, he was surprised when a dark form rose suddenly in his path and laid a hand upon the rein.

"Me waited for you long time, you young dog!" hissed a voice, which he recognized as that of the Kanaka, Jim. "Me got something in for you, curse you!"

"See here, Jim," cried Prince, "what do you mean by stopping me?"

"Get even with you, white liar. You say I push you down in hole t'other day?"

"Oh, let up! It don't make any difference, Jim. I can't be killed, you understand. It ain't in the books."

"You answer straight, white liar. You say me try to kill you?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind; but if it is any object to you, I don't mind if I do say it now, Jim. I don't think it was any one else."

"Den see here. Me going to try it now



and make sure. What for you set all the crew against me—nebber speak to me, nebber look at me? Me hab your heart's blood for dat!"

"Now, I haven't got time to fool away with you," declared the boy, quietly. "You can't kill anything, Jim; and if you have set out to scare me, you are just wasting the time of the assembled multitude. The best thing you can do is to take your hand off that horse and let me pass."

"Kill you, me tell you!" repeated the dark-browed Kanaka. "Have not tasted blood in a long time. Me hungry now."

"But I wouldn't agree with you, Jim. I'll lay on your stomach, sure, and you'd better stick to salt horse and mahogany. You'll find they'll taste better to you."

Jim uttered a cry of rage and drew a long sheath-knife, which he flourished before the eyes of the lad.

"You are right!" he hissed. "Yes, me try to kill you; and now me make you sure. Me kill you dead."

He made a sudden leap and struck furiously at the boy, but the blow only fell upon the saddle, for Prince was not there. He had made a sudden spring backward and landed five feet away, and instantly sprung back out of reach. Wild with rage, Jim released his hold of the horse and dashed at the boy, but Prince jumped over his head, sprung into the saddle, and was off like the wind, laughing as he went, while the baffled Kanaka, nearly crazy with rage, darted after him, for a time actually keeping pace with the horse. But the animal was gradually drawing away from him, when the loop of a rope settled over Prince's shoulders, and he was dragged from the saddle, falling with a force which deprived him of his senses. When the boy came to himself he was lying on his back in a deep part of the wood and saw the dark faces of the Kanaka and Billy Selleck bending over him.

"I guess we've fetched him at last," averred Billy, with a savage laugh. "If you didn't have as many lives as a cat, I'd have killed you long ago, and now I've got you I'll teach you to hocuss me and send me aboard ship, you young hound."

Prince made no reply. He saw at a glance that it would be useless for him to plead with these villains, and that they would do what they had set out to do, and nothing he could say would change their purpose.

"Why don't you say something?" hissed the harpooner. "You don't mean to say you are going to die with your teeth shut? Blast you! if you don't speak I'll find a way to make you."

The boy only answered by a laugh,

which served to madden the ruffian all the more.

"You waste time on him," cried Jim. "Better let me cut his throat now, and settle it."

"I'll 'tend to that business when the time comes, Jim. He's got to show some fear before he dies, or I'll kill him by inches. Dog-gone him, he's made me suffer enough, and he shall suffer, too."

"I suppose I might as well give in," said Prince. "What do you want me to say? I'm badly hurt now: I think every bone in my body is broken."

"Get up, then," hissed Billy, kicking him brutally. "Get up, I say!"

"I can't move. Oh, don't do that, or you'll kill me. I believe my knees are smashed."

"I tell you to get up, or I'll jab a knife into you," screamed Billy.

The unfortunate boy made a desperate effort and half-rose on one knee, but fell again, and the two villains laughed in demoniac glee at his futile efforts. Again he tried it, and fell back with a hollow groan.

"I don't believe I *can* do it, if you was to kill me," he groaned. "Let me rest a minute, Billy, and then I'll try again."

The only answer was another violent kick. The boy struggled to his knee, fell again, and making another violent effort, managed to gain his feet, where he stood swaying to and fro in an uncertain manner, while his tormentors roared with laughter.

"Jump, now!" cried Billy. "Show us how you can jump. If you jump over Jim's head I'll let you go."

The boy complied in an unexpected manner. He lifted his right foot and planted it in Billy's belly with a force which completely knocked the breath from his body, and leaping lightly into the air, kicked Cannibal Jim in the face with both feet, and was off like a flash, leaving the stunned and baffled villains to lament their folly.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FORTY LASHES—IN CALLAO—A NARROW ESCAPE.

It was only for a moment that Jim was stunned, and then he started away in pursuit of the flying boy, but he had gained so much that they could no longer hear his footsteps. The Kanaka stopped and waited for Billy.

"You run on," he hissed, "and take straight path through woods. Me go shorter way. Must catchee him—must killee him. He know we try to kill him before, and will tell cappen."

Billy at once rushed away in chase, and the Kanaka turned into the woods, and fol-



lowing a path which only he could find in the darkness, he headed toward a point which he thought the boy must pass to reach Honolulu. Here he stopped, and crouching in a dense cover, waited, with bated breath, for the arrival of the lad. Ten minutes passed, and then a dark form came darting past, and leaping from the cover, the Kanaka struck him a terrible blow with a club which brought him to the earth, and then sprung forward to complete the work, knife in hand. As he bent over the prostrate form the moon suddenly burst out in full splendor, and showed him the face of his victim, and to his horror he saw that it was Billy Selleck! At the same time a horseman dashed past at full speed, and the shrill laugh of Prince Porter was borne on the breeze. The boy had luckily come upon the horse in his flight and mounted him, and as he had got slightly bewildered in the darkness, he had allowed the animal to take his own course, and in consequence Billy Selleck had passed him, going so far to the right that he had not seen the boy, and had received the blow intended for Prince.

"By dam'," hissed the Kanaka. "Billy, Billy, boy, me didn't mean it. Me thought it was cussed boy. Hal me get water."

He darted away to a spring which he knew, and brought water in a palm leaf, and dashed it upon the face of the injured man, and in a few moments he revived, and was able to speak. His first thought was to swear at his friend, and he carried out the idea to the letter. Jim received the curses of his companion as his just due, and excused himself, as well as he could.

"'Tain't no use," sighed Billy. "Nothing on earth can tech that Satan's imp. He's bound to beat us, and we get the worst of it every time. It's enough to make a man strike his father to think how we've been fooled."

"What we do now?" demanded Jim. "We go back to ship, cappen flog us."

"We'll have to take our gruel, I guess," was the consoling reply.

"Nebber be flogged, tell you. If the cat touch my back, me kill cappen, sure. He nebber flog Kanaka Jim."

"Then we'd better not go back, fur I tell you the capt'in will flog us, sure as you are born."

"Then we hide in cave, cappen no can catch," averred Jim.

"I can stand now, I guess. Lord, what a lick you gave me, old man! If I didn't have a head harder than a flint it would have killed me, sure. I only wish the boy had got it, instead of me."

Kanaka Jim assisted his friend to arise and they at once commenced their flight, but

Billy gave out after a two hours' walk, and was compelled to lie down. Jim covered him with leaves and hastened away to a neighboring bread-fruit grove to get food. On his return Billy managed to eat a little and then fell asleep, and after a rest of several hours awoke quite refreshed. But he had had time to think, and now tried to persuade his friend to return with him to the ship and take their punishment, whatever it might be, to which Jim objected strongly.

"But see here," cried Billy. "You don't mean to say you give up the idea of serving out that young hound? If we run for it, we'll never see him ag'in."

"Me go back," replied Jim. "Me live long enough to kill dat boy, me be satisfied. Yes, me go back."

They started back to the ship at early morning and reached Honolulu in about three hours. Immediately upon their arrival they were put in irons, and understood that their murderous attempt was known. Neither of them made any attempt to deny it, but said that the boy had vilified them to the crew, and made them enemies, and they could not endure it.

"Now see here," exclaimed Captain Carson. "I am going to give you a chance, and you can take your choice. I'll send you home in irons, to be tried for attempted murder, or I'll punish you myself, just as you like."

"I'll take my chances with you, Cap," replied Billy, in a whining voice. "I don't think you ought to be too hard on me, because I didn't really do the boy any harm, and I don't think I'll ever get over the punch he gave me with his foot. I'll take a flogging and call it square."

"Then I sentence you each to forty lashes on the bare back. If you object, I'll send you home on the Cetacean; she sails for New Bedford in a week."

The black face of the Kanaka turned livid, and he said:

"Cappen, s'pose you let me go, it better. Kanaka man no likee being flogged."

"You'll have to take it, or go back to be tried for your crime. Remember that you will have to lie in prison over two years before we return."

"Flog me, then," hissed the Kanaka; "me won't forget it."

When Prince Porter heard of the punishment in store for the two villains he paid a visit to Captain Carson and pleaded for his enemies. He said they were hardly likely to meet again, and he was satisfied to let them go back to their duties. But Captain Carson refused, for he declared no one would be safe if such attempts were to be



allowed to pass unpunished. The next day they were seized up to the gratings and received their punishment, the Kanaka without a cry and Billy Selleck with yells for mercy which moved Prince Porter deeply. The men were then released and sent to the "brig" on bread and water for a week, and at the end of that time the ship was nearly ready for sea, and they did not get any more liberty. The Dolphin sailed first, and was on the fishing grounds before the Star, and as before, got the first whale. They had been two months on the whaling grounds when they again crossed the hawse of the Lone Star, and found that she had been as fortunate as they, and both captains were highly elated. At this time they were within an easy run of Callao, and determined to go there for certain supplies which both needed, especially lemons and potatoes, which are of the greatest service in keeping off the scurvy. Two days later they lay in the port, and the captains went ashore, Prince, as usual, being one of the crew of the captain's boat. They spent the day in wandering about the queer old town, and when night came on found themselves at some distance from the boat, and nearly two miles out of the city. They at once made for the sea, intending to walk down the coast, and reached the water's edge. Their course took them under the face of a high bluff, rising to a height of fifty feet above them, and they were walking along, talking carelessly, when Prince suddenly pushed Tom Stone back against the perpendicular wall of rock and held him there, in spite of his furious struggles. A second later a huge boulder, large enough to have crushed them out of the semblance of humanity, fell just at their feet.

"See here," cried Tom, "maybe you like this kind of business, but I don't. What the deuce does this mean?"

"I guess it means all the cussedness ain't been licked out of Billy Selleck yet," replied the boy. "Now, then, for a run, and put your best foot foremost, Tom."

The two darted out of their place of concealment and ran at their best speed along the face of the bluff, and did not feel safe until they reached the city. Their boat was waiting near that of Captain Carson, but Billy Selleck, who was one of the crew, had not yet turned up. Ten minutes later he came slouching toward the boat, coming from the opposite direction to that from which Tom and Prince had arrived.

"Oh, come and see me!" bawled old Tom, dancing up to him with his hands ready for battle. "Hit me on the nose, if you love me. Smash me right on the snoot, you long-eared mule. Dance to me once, you son of a sea-cook. Let me feel your nose."

"What's the matter with you?" cried Billy, retreating from the threatened danger. "What do you want to fight me for?"

"Didn't you try to heave a stone on the top of my head awhile ago, say?"

"Who says I did? Oh, it ain't no use! A man may try his best to be decent and you fellows won't let him. Did any man see me throw a stone?"

"Course they didn't. You ar' too much of a sneak for that. But come and see me; let me taste your ear."

But there was no fight in Billy, who hastily retreated, and the approach of the two captains at this moment put a fight out of the question. The two rolled up arm in arm, for though in the matter of taking whales and getting a crew they were deadly enemies, in their private intercourse they were the best of friends, and had many a merry bout together.

"You see that harpooner of mine, don't you?" growled Carson. "Waal, he ain't got any sand. That Tom Stone is bluffing him now. I made a mistake when I didn't hang him, probably."

Billy Selleck heard the remark, and cast a look at the speaker from under his beetling brows which did not bode him any good. And in the future it proved that the very best use you could put Billy Selleck to was to hang him.

## CHAPTER X.

### A MAD WHALE—CHASED BY A GIANT—TRY-SAIL'S TRIUMPH.

IN two days the whalers had obtained what they sought, and sailed again, but lost one another in a gale which sprung up next day, in which the Dolphin sprung her main-yard, and it became necessary to rig another. This work impeded her progress somewhat, and old Captain Jacobs was nearly beside himself with rage. Once on the whaling grounds again they quickly set to work, and on the second day the welcome cry of "There she blows!" sounded from the lips of Prince Porter, who, from the yarn which he had told Billy Selleck upon their first meeting, had gained the *sobriquet* of the "Prince of Whales" from the sailors.

"It's the Prince, of course," cried the captain, as the boats were being lowered. "Now don't miss a chance, if you love me, you fellers. I must beat Carson somehow, and get back home first."

The boats shot away from the side, Trysail in advance, as usual, Sennett roaring like a lion, and even Bunker howling at the top of his shrill voice, for only two whales were in sight; and as the boats touched the water they saw the Lone Star coming down before the wind, sailing recklessly directly toward



the school and evidently bent on getting nearer to them before they lowered.

"Oh, holy smoke!" screamed Captain Jacobs, as the boats shot away. "Look at that blasted, interfering, thundering fool! It's getting so a man can't sight a whale but Johnny Carson comes booming around, and shoves his oar in, when he has no business to. For half a barrel of oil I'd clap on all sail and cut him down to the water's edge. Row, you sons of ghosts, row! Tim Trysail, lance them men and make them pull! They can't get there, blast 'em, they can't get there, and Carson's boats are down!"

Five hundred yards does not seem much on the water, but that five hundred yards Captain Carson gained by sailing in close to the whales before he lowered his boats. But five hundred yards is a great deal to be picked up in a three-mile race, and that was the distance to be gained if Trysail's crew should pass the boats of the Lone Star. But there were few boat's crews to equal the one which Trysail steered, and they gained hand over hand, and passed all the boats of the Star except the one in which Captain Carson sat, and that went head on to a great cachalot, and Billy Selleck planted his iron when Trysail was still twenty yards away. Then he whirled his steering oar rapidly, and headed for the second whale, and after a desperate struggle with another boat from the Star, succeeded in making fast, and the whale sounded, while Trysail turned to look at the boat of Captain Carson. As he did so, he shouted:

"A mad whale! Let them look out for squalls, and I'm mighty glad that Carson beat us there."

What is a mad whale?

It is one of these giant creatures, which, after attaining a great age, becomes misanthropic, and either roams the sea alone or with a single companion, and always spoiling for a fight. This was a patriarch of his race, the scars of many battles on his body, and he seemed to take delight in the idea of a battle. When first struck, instead of sounding, as any rightly constituted whale ought to have done, he leaped high in the air, beat the water into foam, and in every way behaved as he should not have done. If Captain Carson had not been fired by the desire of beating "old Jacobs," he would have given the monster a wide berth. But to cut the line now was to own himself defeated, and he would not do that as long as there was a chance of securing the whale. So he backed away to a cautious distance, and watched the antics of the great mammal with a careful eye, at the same time giving his first mate a signal to close in and send

another iron into the whale if he could. The creature suddenly ceased his furious efforts, and swung slowly around, fixed his small, twinkling eye on the captain's boat, and then suddenly dashed at it at full speed.

"Pull ye! pull ye!" yelled Captain Carson. "If this ain't the worst luck! Pull, if you want to see home and friends again."

The men dashed their oars into the water, and the light boat shot away, the Leviathan in close pursuit; but they gradually drew away, and the boat of the first mate stole up and another iron was sent to the head in the body of the flying whale. He stopped as if struck by lightning, hurled his huge body into the air, and sounded with a vicious violence, which ought to have warned them to cut loose. But their blood was up, and they would not do it, with Jacobs and his crew looking on. A moment later, and the whale rose close under the bows of the captain's boat, and rushed at it with his great mouth agape, this time too close for them to elude, and at the shout of the captain the men with one accord leaped into the water just as the ponderous jaws closed with a crashing sound upon the light whale-boat, which was crushed like an egg-shell.

"I'd give a thousand dollars," moaned Captain Carson, as he swam for his life, "if old Peg Leg hadn't been looking on. That's the second stove boat he's seen me get this cruise. Oh, Bill Selleck! I believe you are a Jonah, and I won't have any luck as long as you are in my boat."

The whale, having demolished the boat, swam gently away and lay wallowing in the sea, while the first mate, who was a splendid whaler, crept up to give him the lance. But there was something in the manner of the creature which he did not like, and he rested on his oars a hundred yards away and looked at the giant game. He saw that another of his boats was already on the way to the assistance of the wrecked crew, and that his aid was not necessary, and he determined to take the chances. The mad whale was quiet enough now, but the mate was an old stager, and it occurred to him that the creature was *too* quiet, after making such desperate work, and the brilliant little eyes seemed to twinkle with a peculiar light. There was nothing for it, however, but to make the attack, or Captain Carson would never forgive him, and the boat was cautiously backed toward the whale, the mate poising his lance with both hands and mentally selecting the spot into which he would drive it in order to find the life of the giant game. Scarcely twenty feet separated them from the whale when the giant flukes were reared into the air and poised over the boat. The mate flung his



lance, burying it deep in the side of the whale, and shouted wildly:

"Pull ye, for your lives, pull! Away you go!"

The order was quite unnecessary, for as the boat had been backed up to the whale the men could see the danger, and as the lance flew from the hand of the old sailor the oars dashed into the water together, and the boat fairly leaped, taking a line which would take them quickest out of the reach of the terrible flukes. As they cut the air, however, so close a shave was it that the wind caused by the rapid motion of the flukes actually took the hat from the mate's head, but the boat was for the moment safe.

"Darned if they ain't having lots of trouble," ejaculated Trysail, coolly, as he drew the smoke from the bowl of his pipe in lingering puffs, which told the enjoyment he was having. "I say, old Tom, ain't that there whale ever going to rise?"

"He's coming now, Mr. Trysail," was Tom's answer. "Line is slack, sir."

"All right; eyes in the boat, and be ready with your iron, Tom."

"I don't think this fellow wants anything more than the lance," was the reply. "He ain't no sech mad character as that there. He's a weak fish, sir."

The whale rose slowly from the foam, and lay wallowing in the trough of the sea. The water which he threw up from time to time was tinged with red, and they knew that the harpooner had planted his iron very deep, and had touched the life. Trysail made ready his lance, cautiously approached the whale and got the keen blade well in, and as they backed away and left him in his flurry, Prince Porter uttered a cry of dismay.

"Look there, look there, Mr. Trysail!"

All eyes were turned toward the mad whale, and saw an interesting sight.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JACOBS IN TROUBLE—A PICKED-UP CREW— TRYSAIL'S LUCKY CAST.

THE mad whale, after receiving the lance from the hand of the mate of the Lone Star, had lashed the water into foam for a moment, and then plunged into the sea, while the commander of the boat, who was very uneasy, peered over the side of the light craft, not knowing from what direction an attack might come. In the mean time Captain Jacobs, who knew that there was danger, had another boat lowered, and was pulled away toward the scene of action, in the hope that he might be of some service, or, if not, at least have a chance to condole with Captain Carson on his misfortune.

His boat was nearly up with the whale to which Trysail was fast and perhaps five hundred yards away, when, out of the depths, close under the bows, rose the great square head of the giant with which the boats of the Lone Star had so long been battling. Captain Carson was the first to see it, and the wild idea came into his head that he would make fast to that whale, which had completely shaken off Carson's boats, and if he could kill it, he would have the laugh forever on his wily adversary. The idea no sooner came into his brain than he acted on it, and grasping the steering-oar with a firmer hand, he steered the boat straight on to the savage monster.

"Now, if you love me, Jack Sinclair," he whispered to the harpooner, "plant your iron deep, and as soon as it's in, starn all, if you wish to live."

The boat crept up cautiously, and, at the signal of the old captain's hand, Jack Sinclair rose and poised his harpoon.

"Now then, now then!" hissed the old salt. "Give it to him!"

Jack Sinclair threw all the force of his muscular arm into the cast, and sent the iron home. They saw it buried in the blubber to the very eye, and instantly the boat shot back, but scarcely quick enough for the mad whale, which, instead of sounding, dashed at them with his cavernous mouth agape, actually running up within two feet of the stern before the desperate efforts of the oarsmen enabled them to hold their own. It was only a question whether their arms or the strength of the demon in pursuit would hold out longest, and away they flew, the whale in close pursuit.

Captain Carson was only a man, and he might be pardoned if he felt a delighted thrill pass through his frame as he saw the mad whale chasing Jacobs.

"I'd die happy if he'll only swamp the boat and give me a chance to pick up old Jacobs," he muttered. "Pull away, men! I want to be close up when he downs them; and if their iron does not hold, by George, if I don't fasten to him again!"

It was the sight of the whale chasing Captain Jacobs which had so startled Prince Porter and Trysail. The mate could act quickly, and, seeing that his whale was in the flurry, he prepared a "drug"—a flat piece of board with the name of the Dolphin on it—and attaching it to the line, threw it overboard. This made the whale their property until they chose to pick it up, and prevented the line from sinking. It was not the habit of Saul Trysail to laugh at his superior officer; but a ghost must have laughed to see the expression of the old



captain's face as his boat came flying on, the vindictive enemy close in the rear, and the crew pulling for dear life.

"It ain't my crew," declared Trysail in a slightly sneering tone, "or they'd just about walk away from that there whale. What say, boys? Shall we give the old man a lift?"

"If you are game to put in a lance, we are the boys to put you on the whale," replied Tom.

"Then change places, boys, and get me in the bow. It has got to be done with the lance, you know, if we do any good. Be ready to pull for all you are worth."

They had scarcely turned on the thwarts, and brought the boat round, when the captain's boat came dashing up, and perhaps fifty feet astern swam the huge cetacean, his gleaming eyes fixed upon the boat in front, and blindly oblivious to anything else. At a glance Captain Jacobs saw that he would get help from his mate, and his eye brightened. The truth is, he had but little confidence in his crew, as it was composed of men who only went in the boats upon occasions like the present, when their services were absolutely required, and the old captain solemnly registered a vow never to trust his life in their hands again. They were beginning to tire already, and the whale was gaining on them again, although they pulled with all the energy of despair. And what annoyed Captain Jacobs more than anything else, was to see Captain Carson, in the boat which had picked him up, pulling up swiftly on the port side, and rapidly closing with them.

"Buck her hard, my sons," cried Trysail, as the whale was nearly opposite them. "Lay me on him, and I'll show Ned Nevins how to use a lance."

Ned Nevins was the first mate of the Lone Star, and, in his way, quite a rival of Trysail's, as from the mates who showed great capacity the new captains were chosen in the whaling service, and the most successful mate in command of a boat stood the best chance of promotion.

The boat shot out like an arrow, headed straight for the flying whale. He did not seem to see them at all, and as Captain Jacobs said, "only seemed to want a piece of his meat." The crew behind Trysail were full of nerve, and sent the boat on with a speed which quickly brought them close on to the whale, so close, indeed, that the mate had time to select the spot where he knew the "life" of the whale lay, and he sent his lance home with all his force, burying it deep in the body of the mad creature.

"Starn all!" he cried. "If that don't settle it, I'm a Dutchman."

The boat flew back out of reach, and the whale stopped in his course very suddenly, and old Captain Jacobs, looking over his shoulder, uttered a yell of delight, for he knew that the work was done, and Captain Carson would not have a chance to laugh at him this time. The whale gave a desperate leap, and instantly sent into the air the column of blood-red water which plainly showed that the lance of Trysail had done deadly work.

"Cease rowing, you lubbers," shouted old Jacobs, his wooden leg beating a delighted tattoo on the bottom boards. "Oh, ain't this glorious? How Ned Carson will swear!"

The boats of the Lone Star had stopped at once when the bloody spurt told them that they were beaten, and resting on their oars, they grimly watched the dying agony of the whale. In half an hour it was over, and another boat from the Dolphin came up and made fast to the whale, to help tow it to the ship, for old Jacobs could not miss such a chance as this, and cast loose, saying that he would go back to the ship and work her down to meet them and thus save a long pull. Carson saw him coming, and at once the surrounding air turned blue with his curses.

"Of course the lubber will come and pretend to sympathize with me. Pull away, boys; head for the ship."

"Better get it over, captain," declared the mate, who had picked up the commander of the Lone Star after his "spill." "Old Peg Leg will have a whack at us if he follows us clear to Honolulu."

"That's so," replied Carson, with a sigh. "I'd have given any money if Saul Trysail hadn't been there, and you see what it is to have a boat's crew you can depend on. That boy Porter and old Tom are a host in themselves."

"Oh, Billy Selleck is a good harpooner," answered the mate. "He put in his iron well."

"We had to cut, though, and that's what drives me wild. Here comes that old lunatic."

"Oh, hullo, hullo!" cried Jacobs. "Mighty lively whale that, Carson."

"I should say it was," growled Carson. "He made you skin out of Galilee mighty lively."

"Oh, I was leading him down to Trysail," averred the captain. "You see that crew I've got is just a pick-up, and the whale was mad with the foolish way he'd been worried. You fellows ticked him so with the harpoons and lances that he was just chuck full of fun. I hope you won't ketch cold; but I reckon not—you are used to getting spilled."

Carson remained sulkily silent.

"Well, can't be with you always, Johnny."



If you'll send a boat after we get the whales alongside, I'll send you back your harpoons and lances. That big fellow is just bristling with them, and that's what made him so mad. I say, when I get filled up, I'll lend you a crew until I come out on my next cruise. I'll find you hereabouts, I reckon."

This was more than Carson could bear, and ripping out a terrible oath, he thundered an order, and his boats headed for the Lone Star.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A BLOODY DEED—THE DOLPHIN ON FIRE—BADLY WOUNDED.

"Now, don't that beat all natur'!" said the old captain, with a low chuckle, as he signed for his crew to pull for the Dolphin. "Curious how mad a man can get when he is out of luck!"

He was quickly on board and working the ship up to meet his boats, which were pulling slowly in, dragging their prey.

But fortune had not utterly deserted Captain Carson, and his boats had hardly reached the ship when spouts were again seen, and they gave chase. An hour later, after a desperate struggle, they succeeded in killing two whales, and before night the Lone Star lay a mile from the Dolphin, her crew also engaged in the work of getting in the rich find. But Billy Selleck, although he had been one of the lucky harpoons, was full of bitterness against Prince Porter and old Tom Stone. Cannibal Jim, too, was very sulky, as he was harpooner on another boat, and had not been able to make fast.

"We lay here all night, Billy?" he whispered.

Billy replied in the affirmative.

"All right. You hear something 'fore morning dat make you feel good."

"What's up, Jim?" inquired Billy.

"Never you mind. I tell you in de morning."

Billy knew that it was useless to talk to Kanaka Jim if he had made up his mind, and he said no more, but kept his eyes on the savage. They were not in the same watch, and while Billy was on deck the Kanaka went below. When the port watch was called he came up with the rest, and, according to orders, took his station in the foretop. The night was intensely dark, and after he had once gone aloft no one could watch his motions, and he sat for an hour licking his thin lips, with a peculiar gleam in his savage eyes, and then, watching his opportunity, he slid suddenly to the deck and crept out over the bow and into the chains, where he was again lost to sight.

The crew of the Dolphin had worked late,

for they had two whales to attend to, and the sooner their work was done the quicker they might hope to sail for home, and the captain was determined to get back before the Lone Star at all hazards, and it was nearly midnight before the deck was left to the watch. Prince Porter occupied his favorite lookout, the foretop, looking down at the water, when he thought he heard a splashing under the bows, and it seemed to him some one had climbed into the chains.

"That's queer," he muttered. "I don't like to holler without cause, so I reckon I'd better slide down and look into that myself."

He caught a stay and slid down to the rail and peered over into the chains. He had been mistaken, after all, for there was nothing in sight, and he turned back from the chains, when something bright flashed before his eyes, and he felt a sharp pain in his breast, and knew that he had been stabbed. As he fell senseless to the deck, a dark figure which had risen from the shelter of the stay-sail, which was half raised, darted forward, and seizing the body of the boy, had half raised him to the height of the rail, with the intention of dropping him over, when hasty steps were heard coming from the after part of the ship, and Mr. Bunker came up quickly. Before he had done so, the intruder, whoever he might be, had concealed himself behind the sail, after covering the boy hastily with the bight of the jib. Mr. Bunker stopped before he reached the fore-castle, and listened. He had been called forward by a noise which he did not understand; but now, satisfied that he was mistaken, turned back quickly, and hailed the foretop. Of course he received no answer.

"If it was any one but Prince Porter I'd go up there and start him with a rope's end," muttered the mate; "but he's too good a hand to jump on when he gets a bit sleepy. Let the boy rest, and I'll be extra careful myself."

He walked aft again, and the dark form once more stole out, pushed aside the scuttle of the fore hatch, and dropped into the hold; and for nearly an hour there was utter silence on board the ship. At the end of that time, Mr. Bunker, who had walked forward, saw some one emerge from the forehold, and hailed him.

There was no answer.

"See here, my sweet, blooming youth," cried Mr. Bunker, "you and me are going to fall foul of one another if you don't speak up like a man."

The strange man, whoever it was, suddenly attempted to dart by the mate, who made a clutch at him. The moment he did so he felt the point of a knife in his arm, and spring-



ing back hastily, drew a pistol and cocked it. As the lock clicked, the form of the intruder appeared for a moment on the rail.

"Come back, or I'll let daylight through you!" screamed Mr. Bunker.

The body of the stranger inclined downward, as if about to plunge, and Bunker fired. A second later he heard a splash in the water; but whether he had hit the man or not it was impossible to say. The watch, hearing the report of the pistol, ran up, old Tom among them.

"There's been a pirate aboard the Dolphin, boys," declared the mate. "I give him a shot, but whether I hit him or not I don't know."

"Where did he come from?" inquired Tom, uneasily.

"Out of the fore hatch," was the reply.

"Dang my buttons if I like it at all," exclaimed Tom. "I've been more'n half awake for a long time, and it seemed to me some one was spookin' round in the hold. I reckon we'd better see to it."

"Get a lantern, quick," cried Mr. Bunker. "There is no telling what that devil's baby may have been at in the hold."

Tom darted away, found a lantern, and quickly leaped into the hold. He had scarcely done so when he darted up again, with a very white face.

"Fire," he whispered, in the ear of the mate. "Get the buckets ready, and form a line to pass water."

Nothing is so terrible to a seaman as a fire on board ship, but Mr. Bunker was a brave man, and ready to meet any danger. His orders were quickly issued, and a line was formed to the forward part of the hold, where the fire was raging. Old Tom took the front of the line and worked like a hero, standing in the midst of the flame and smoke, and dashing bucket after bucket of water on the flames as the sailors passed the water down the line. Fortunately, it had not gained much headway, for the Dolphin was dry and oil soaked, and would have burned rapidly had the fire got a good start. After an hour of honest work the last spark was extinguished, and old Tom sat down on a cask, panting for breath.

"It's a mighty good job that the mate happened to ketch on to that skunk jest as he did, or we'd have had to take to the boats, boys," he declared. "'Pon my life, I'd like to get my grapplers on him, just about a minnit. I wouldn't ask more'n that to make a ghost of him."

By this time the entire crew of the Dolphin were on the alert, and man after man came up and inspected the place where the fire was set. It had been started well forward,

among a lot of loose casks and packing-cases, and from the way it burned they were satisfied that a quantity of oil had been scattered over the heaps before it was set on fire. That there had been a dastardly attempt to set fire to the ship, no one for a moment doubted. But, in looking over the crew, no one was missing except Prince Porter, and, to the surprise of all, he had not been seen since he went into the foretop.

"Now where's that there boy?" cried old Tom. "I hope nothing ain't happened to him."

"He was in the foretop," replied Mr. Bunker. "I hailed him once, but he didn't answer."

Old Tom sprung into the rigging and ran up to the foretop, but found no one there, and quickly came down. As he leaped from the rail he stumbled over some one lying partly hidden by the sail.

"Bring a light here," he cried, hoarsely. "If this is my boy, an' he's bin murdered, I'll never rest until I hunt down the black dog that done the work."

Mr. Bunker ran forward with the lantern, and found old Tom supporting in his arms the silent form of Prince Porter, the front of his Jersey soaked with blood, and evidently badly wounded.

"Bear a hand here, you useless lubbers," cried Tom savagely. "Help me to get this shirt off him. Bring a dash of fresh water."

His orders were hastily obeyed, and the bloody Jersey was literally cut from the body of the injured boy, laying his breast bare. Mr. Bunker, who generally attended to injuries received by the men, took a sponge and wiped away the blood from the white breast of the lad, revealing a ghastly wound over the heart.

"Looks bad, this does," he asserted, as he ran his fingers over the wound. "If this knife has gone straight home, the boy is done for. Ha! what's this? Any one got a knife with a straight, narrow blade? I don't want a very sharp one."

Two or three knives of this description were handed out, and selecting the one which suited him best, the mate again bent over the wounded boy.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AN INVESTIGATION—CANNIBAL JIM AT BAY— UNDER BONDS.

THE mate inserted the point of the knife in the wound, and a slight click was heard, and presently he held up a short piece of steel, evidently a portion of the blade of a knife.

"Good enough," he said. "The knife broke against a bone, and that is all that saved his life. I'd give a small amount of



filthy lucre to know who the skunk is that did this."

Old Tom said nothing, but looked gloomily across the expanse of water in the direction of the Lone Star, for he had his suspicions that some one on board that ship knew how the boy came to be injured. Mr. Bunker looked at him keenly.

"You suspect some one," he averred, in a low voice.

"Waal, rather," was the slow response, "only I don't want to suspicion anybody without cause. But see here, Mr. Bunker, when that scamp jumped overboard, you didn't see anything of a boat, did you?"

"No; he jumped into the water, and that was the last of him."

"I only hope you hit him," was the response. "If you did, the sharks have got a meal on a cursed murderer, and one that ought to be hung. But I don't see how it can be the one I was thinkin' of; he couldn't swim it to save his life."

Even while they were talking, Mr. Bunker was busily engaged in watching the blood from the wound. When he had cleansed it thoroughly, he gave the sponge to Old Tom, and went away to get a bandage. Just then Prince opened his eyes with a start, and the first face he saw was that of old Tom.

"I might have known you would be on hand, old fellow," he said. "Did they catch the rascal who stabbed me?"

"No; you mustn't wag your jaw too much, for you are mighty weak."

"I reckon you are right, but somehow it don't seem to me that this is going to lay me up long. There, I won't say any more at present."

In a few moments the wound was dressed, and a hammock swung on deck, for the mate would not have the boy placed in the close forecabin. Old Tom was assigned to take care of him, and after the boy had been well wrapped up and placed in the hammock, Tom perched himself on the forecabin, with his legs hanging over against the bulkheads, and watched his young friend closely. From time to time he looked across the water in the direction of the Lone Star, and a dark look came into his face.

"I don't reckon Capt'in Carson give them two skunks enough," he muttered. "It almost seems to me that we common tarry jackets will have to b'ile in and take a hand."

Two or three times during the night the mate came up and spoke to the boy, but as he found him resting quietly, did not stay with him. At an early hour next morning Captain Jacobs ordered his boat, and went to the Lone Star, and old Tom went with him as stroke. Carson expected that the old man

had come to annoy him about the whales, but to his surprise he said nothing on that subject, but asked for a private talk with him. The two captains were closeted for half an hour, when the mate who had charge of the deck during the midnight watch was called, and closely questioned as to whether it was possible for any one to leave the deck while he was on duty.

"I can't say as to that, captain," was the answer. "You know it was darker than a nest of black cats; but I can answer for it that no one in my watch left the ship."

"Are you sure?" demanded Jacobs. "Some rascally pirate boarded the Dolphin in the night, about one bell, stabbed Prince Porter in the breast, and tried to set fire to the ship. Now, I'll be hanged if I don't find out who it was."

"Maybe it was one of your men, captain?" suggested the mate.

"Is that so! Well, I'd have you know that there ain't a man aboard the Dolphin, afloat or aloft, but what brags on the 'Prince of Whales,' as they call young Porter. Then again, my crew are all ready for service, and the man who did the trick jumped overboard, and was shot at by Bunker. He thinks he hit the fellow, too."

"I only hope he did, if it is one of my men," exclaimed Carson. "Now, see here; is there any one you suspect?"

"Old Tom says it's either Billy Selleck or Cannibal Jim."

"You've picked my two worst men, that I agree to," said Carson, "and more than that, I reckon you've got the only man who would dare to swim from this ship to the Dolphin in the night, and that's the Kanaka, Jim. He's got something against the boy, too. Now, Ned Nevins, where was the Kanaka when this took place?"

"In the foretop."

"Did you see him after you sent him up?"

"Well, I hailed the foretop about two bells, and somebody answered. It might have been Billy Selleck, though, for I remember now he came on deck before the watch was called and went into the top with the Kanaka."

"Then Selleck ought to know something about it," asserted Carson. "Call the rascal down."

As the mate came on deck he heard a great uproar, and hurrying forward saw old Tom engaged in a lively fight with Billy Selleck and Kanaka Jim. Just as the mate reached the deck Selleck was knocked back against the bulkheads of the forecabin with great force, and the Kanaka and the old sailor grappled and swayed to and fro, and in a moment Jim was thrown heavily. The mate



grabbed a belaying pin and danced into the midst of the fray.

"Now see here, Tom Stone!" he shouted, "what do you mean, raising merry B'elzebub on the decks of the Lone Star? You'd better be quiet, or I'll serve you out."

"All right, Mr. Nevins," replied Tom; "I axes yer pardon, but I does think one of them two critters were on the deck of the Dolphin last night and tried to burn her."

"Here, you Selleck!" roared the mate, shaking the belaying pin at Selleck, who was leaning against the rail, wiping the blood from his bleeding nose, "you are wanted in the cabin. Move your pins lively now!"

Selleck started to obey, rather glad to escape from old Tom, who did not yet seem to be satisfied, and hastened to the cabin, where sat the two captains, looking at him with threatening eyes.

"Now look here, my man," exclaimed Carson, "I've had occasion to seize you up to the gratings and give you forty lashes on the bare back, and I may have to do it again if you don't answer my questions. You came out of the forecabin before eight bells last night and went to the foretop. What did you do that for?"

"Who says I did?" demanded Billy, in a snuffling tone.

"No matter about that. You did just as I say. When you went up into the foretop was Kanaka Jim there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he stay there with you?"

"Waal—"

"Did he stay there with you, I say?"

"He staid a little while after I came up. You see, Jim was not feeling very well, and he asked me if I'd come up and take the lookout while he slept. I agreed to do it, and that's the reason I went up there."

"Where did Jim go when he left you?"

"I s'pose he turned in. I don't know, of course; it was awful dark last night, and you couldn't see ten feet afore you. After he left the top I couldn't see him at all."

"That yarn is well told. Now you know, better than any one else on board this ship, where that skunk was going. If you didn't know before, you know now, for he told you this morning. There has been a murder done, or mighty nigh one, and either he or

you are responsible for it. If you don't make a clean breast of it, I swear I'll find a way to make you."

"I'd ruther Jim would tell hisself," said Billy, in a whining tone. "No sailor likes to blow on a mate, and especially a chum. Have Jim in and ask him."

"I don't know but you are right," declared the captain; "but that would be time wasted. No, I want you to tell."

"I can't do it, captain," whined the crimp. "It ain't right to ask me."

"Go on deck," was the order of the captain. "Come on, Jacobs; I'm going to see this thing through."

Billy sneaked on deck and was quickly followed by the two captains. The moment his foot touched the deck he called the first mate.

"Take that man Selleck and seize him up to the grating. Then get a colt and stand by to start him when I give the word."

Selleck was quickly seized up, with his back bare, and Ned Nevins stood over him with a knotted rope in his hands, known on board ship as a "colt."

"You know what I want of you, Billy Selleck," cried the captain, sternly. "Will you tell me where Kanaka Jim went last night?"

Selleck shook his head, and at a signal from the captain the knotted rope cut the air with a whistling sound, and alighted on his back, raising a livid ridge, while the bound man shut his teeth savagely, but did not speak.

"Will you tell me?" hissed the captain, who was an autocrat on his own deck.

Billy remained obstinately silent. The truth was, he feared Cannibal Jim quite as much as he did the captain. Carson raised his finger and again the colt fell.

"I'll tell," screamed Billy, unable to bear the punishment.

"I murder you if you do!" yelled Jim.

"Take that man!" was the stern order of the captain. "I knew he was guilty."

Half a dozen men threw themselves upon the Kanaka, and a fierce struggle began.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

PRINCE PROMOTED—A MURDEROUS BLOW—  
BILLY SELLECK'S DEATH.

THE Kanaka fought like a demon, uttering short fierce cries, as he felt that he must yield to numbers. At last, completely out of breath, but still defiant, he was thrown to the deck and tightly bound. Billy Selleck was removed from the grating, and the Kanaka trussed up in his place.

"Aha!" he screamed. "You think you floggee me till me speak. Gur-r-r-r-h! You kill me first, den; me no speak."

"Oh, it won't be necessary," answered Captain Carson. "Billy is going to tell us all about it."

"You'll keep me safe from the Kanaka if I do, captain?" pleaded Billy.

"He won't do any more mischief I promise you," was the reply.

"Don't you dare speak, Billy," cried the Kanaka, in a threatening tone; "me make you wish you keep still."



"Go ahead, Billy," was the command of Carson, "and if the Kanaka don't keep his mouth shut, I'll have him gagged."

Billy, who felt safe under the protection of the captain, made a clean breast of it, and said that the Kanaka had boasted that he swam to the Dolphin and stabbed Prince Porter soon after he gained the deck, and would have thrown him into the sea but for the fact that Bunker had come suddenly upon him. He had then got into the forehold, set fire to the ship, and was making his escape, when he was seen and fired at by the mate.

"He liar!" screamed the Kanaka; "me nebber been out de ship."

"He's got a mark on him you'll know him by," declared Billy. "Just as he jumped a bullet cut through the fleshy part of his shoulder, and if you don't find the wound I am a liar."

The jacket and shirt were torn from the body of the Kanaka, and a fresh wound was plainly visible on his shoulder.

"An' ef that ain't enough," interjected old Tom, "here's his knife, that he dropped in the scuffle just now, and here's the piece of broken steel the mate took from the breast of Prince Porter. Fit the two together, and you'll say it's proof enough."

Carson took the knife and the piece of steel from the hands of the old sailor and fitted them together, and called the attention of the rest to it.

"That's enough," he declared. "Don't lie any more, Kanaka, for you are only wasting your breath. You are the one who stabbed Prince Porter, and tried to burn the Dolphin."

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the Kanaka. "Me did it, and be proud of it. Lucky for dem dey found it out in time. Now go on; me speak no more."

"Give it to him!" cried Carson.

A sickening scene followed, for the man received a terrible flogging—a punishment, however, which he richly deserved. During the progress of the punishment he uttered no cry, and when the captain gave the signal which caused the mate to cease, a terrible laugh burst from his livid lips, and he fainted. He was removed to the "brig," and left there, heavily ironed, and Billy was released, after a solemn warning for the future from his captain. Then Captain Jacobs returned to the Dolphin, and the two ships parted company again, and, as luck would have it, did not meet again that season. Prince recovered rapidly, and was soon in his place in the boat. The officers took a great interest in him, and under the tutorship of these able seamen he learned navigation rapidly.

Six months after, as Mr. Bunker was in the hold watching the stowing of some casks, the pile fell, and he was crushed under them. When brought out, it was seen that it was useless to think of his being able to do duty for a long time to come, and it became necessary to choose a third officer for the time being. Captain Jacobs sent for Prince and old Tom. The boy had developed rapidly in two years, and was now a stout, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a frank and pleasing face, the beau ideal of a sailor.

"Now men," said the old captain, "I've got to make choice of a man for the third mate's boat, and it lays between you two. Which shall it be, that is the question?"

"Oh, Tom, of course," replied Prince. "I couldn't think of taking a place over his head."

"You've got to take it, all samee," cried old Tom. "See here, Cap, you know I'm a good man in a boat, but I wouldn't be worth shucks as third Dickey. All this navigation business I don't understand and the boy does. I say give it to Prince, for I won't take it."

"He is the best navigator," admitted the captain, "and besides, we haven't got a man aboard who can drive a harpoon like you; and to tell you the truth, I hated to take you out of the bow of the boat. That settles it, then. Prince, you will take your dunnage into Mr. Bunker's cabin, and take command of his boat. Bunker won't take a steering-oar again for a year."

Old Tom gave a lusty cheer, for it delighted him beyond measure to see his favorite advanced in this way. There was nothing for it but obedience, and Prince took up the duties of third mate, and, as was expected, made a capital officer. The men obeyed him readily, as he was a prime favorite, and he quickly gained their additional good will by treating them kindly. No one could get as much work out of a boat's crew as he, and the season ended in splendid shape, and the Dolphin sailed for Honolulu with a magnificent season's record. She had only been in port about four days, when her shadow, the Lone Star, stood into the harbor, also having done excellent work, and the two captains fraternized and had a royal bout together. The second night, as they were returning to the ship from a visit to the consul, with an uncomfortable load of liquor on board, Captain Carson was stabbed in the back and fell. Before Captain Jacobs could do anything the murderous assailant made his escape. The wounded captain was taken to the office of a surgeon, and his wound, when examined, was found to be a desperate one, but there was some slight hope that he might recover.



"Oh, come on, Mr. Nevins," muttered Prince, after looking at the wounded man. "We can't do him any good, but we can at least get on the track of the murderer. But first let us go on board the Lone Star and see if Kanaka Jim is there."

"By Georgel" cried Nevins, "I did not think of that. Of course it can't be him, though."

"I wish I was sure of it," replied Prince. "Come along, quick."

They hurried on board the Lone Star, and went straight to the brig, and neither was much surprised when it was found to be empty. It was ascertained that Billy Selleck, who had professed reformation, had been placed to guard the prisoner, prior to his deliverance into the hands of the American Consul, and they had no doubt that the villain had aided the Kanaka in his escape, and had fled with him. A party of ten men was at once made up to take up the pursuit of the villainous Kanaka, with Prince Porter and Ned Nevins in command. They at once began to make inquiries, and discovered that Kanaka Jim and Billy had been seen leaving the town directly after the blow had been dealt Captain Carson, and had headed for the interior of the island. The pursuit was commenced at once, with a well-known Kanaka as guide, a man who knew all the places of refuge in the islands. All the night was spent in the search, but without avail, and as morning broke the party entered the forest near the point where Prince Porter was taken, after his capture by Billy and Jim. Prince was in advance, when he heard a hollow groan, and looking down, saw Billy Selleck, terribly wounded, lying at his feet.

"I've come to the end of my rope, mates," he declared. "I helped the Kanaka to escape, but I didn't think he meant to murder any one; I was just going to desert, that's all. We'd just got ashore, when he caught sight of Captain Carson, and told me to go on and meet him outside the town. Half an hour after he caught up to me, and told me he had killed the captain."

"You didn't make much by the deal yourself, Billy," asserted Nevins.

"No; he held a grudge against me, and when we got as far as this he turned on me like a tiger, and cut me all to pieces. I am nearly dead, and can't last more than a few minutes. Catch him and hang him, for he deserves it. Oh!"

A shudder passed through the frame of the wounded man as the blood continued to pour from his awful wounds. Nevins had a bottle of whisky with him, and managed to get a little down the throat of the dying man, and he revived a little.

"Come, brace up, man," exclaimed the mate, cheerily. "We'll follow him to the death, if you'll only tell us where he has gone."

The face of Billy Selleck brightened, and he raised himself slightly.

"The cave, the cave, where—he—tried—to—kill—"

His under jaw dropped, and Billy Selleck had seen his last of earth.

"Come on," said Prince Porter, sternly. "I know the hiding-place of this murderer. We will run him down."

## CHAPTER XV.

### ON THE TRACK—THE KANAKA BROTHER'S REVENGE—CAPTAIN PRINCE PORTER.

As the young mate suspected, the murderous Kanaka had made straight for the cave where he had so nearly ended the life of his enemy by hurling him into the gulf, from which he was only saved by the lucky circumstance of being thrown up into the strange well among the mountains.

Prince knew that this place of refuge was well chosen, and that no ordinary effort would dislodge the villain; but he trusted something to the Kanaka guide, who knew the place as thoroughly as did Cannibal Jim. It was a fortunate circumstance that this guide was a deadly enemy of Jim, who had sworn a vendetta against him, and had been upon his track for several years.

"You listen me," cried the vindictive Kanaka. "Me hate Jim; he very bad man but he smart. Kanaka man find him; nobody else can."

It was nearly mid-day when the party reached the vicinity of the cave, and the sailors at once came to a halt before the entrance. They were for entering the cave at once, but the mates sternly forbade this, as they knew that Cannibal Jim was desperate, and doubtless well armed.

"Me go and see if in dere," declared the guide. "One man enough at a time."

He approached the entrance and passed out of sight, gliding on with stealthy, cat-like steps, his knife held ready for action at a moment's notice. He had only gone a few steps, however, when his course was stopped by a solid wall, which he knew ought not to be there, and he darted back.

"Here he be, sure enough," he said. "Him block up path."

"Let's have a lantern and look into this," commanded Ned Nevins.

A lantern was quickly produced, and the two mates entered the cave side by side; and as the light of the lantern was cast upon the wall, they understood what it was which



stopped the way. Jim had blocked up the place with huge boulders, so heavy that it required the utmost efforts of the sailors to remove them.

"The black imp is spunky, ain't he!" exclaimed Ned Nevins, as the men were engaged in tearing down the wall. "We shall have wigs on the grass before we down him."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Prince; "but we've got to down him just the same. He has been let run too long. Get your pistols ready, lads, and when you catch sight of him, don't hesitate to give it to him."

"Me go, me catch him," whispered the Kanaka guide. "See, him kill my brudder, and me must catch him."

"Go ahead, then," was the low reply of Prince Porter. "We'll follow slowly, and be on hand at the death."

The Kanaka glided away in the darkness, and the others followed slowly in the gloom of the cave, guided only by the faint light of a partially shaded lantern. Not a sound was heard from in front, so cautious was the advance of the Kanaka, and they were stooping at the entrance of the great room in which the stream crossed the floor of the cave and plunged into the abyss, when out of the darkness came an awful yell, which they knew came from the throat of Cannibal Jim, and the sound of a confused struggle was heard in the cave.

"Spring the lantern!" shouted Prince. "Light here, and see what this means."

The light of two lanterns at once flashed upon the scene, and the party sprung into the great room. They saw a savage battle going on, two dark-visaged Kanakas fighting for life or death in the center of the room, their bodies so intertwined that it was quite impossible to say which had the advantage in the struggle. It was Cannibal Jim and the guide, their eyes gleaming savagely, their teeth set, and their breath coming in short, fitful gasps.

"Good blood, Kanaka," cried Ned Nevins, wishing to encourage their man. "Hang on to him; we'll help you."

As the sailors darted in to aid the guide, the two rolled over and over, and with a demoniac laugh from the lips of Cannibal Jim, went whirling down the steep incline in which the young mate had so nearly met his death.

With a wild cry Prince caught a lantern from the hand of the man who held it, and darted from the place, running rapidly toward the mouth of the cave, closely followed by old Tom and Ned Nevins. They were out of the cave in two minutes, and quickly reached the well from which Prince had es-

caped. Just as they arrived at the water it bubbled fiercely, and the black hair of a Kanaka rose to the surface. He was so exhausted that if Tom Stone had not caught him by the hair he would have been whirled over the second incline and lost. They dragged him out, and all saw that it was the guide.

"Where is Cannibal Jim?" demanded Prince, as the man caught his breath.

The man held up his knife, and they saw that it was reddened from point to hilt. And, at that moment, the ghastly body of Cannibal Jim, with a gaping wound in the breast, was hurled out of the depths, and before they could seize it, went plunging down into the dark gulf upon the other side. The would-be assassin of Captain Carson and Prince, and the actual murderer of Billy Selleck, had met his doom, and the Kanaka kissed the bloody blade of his knife.

"My brudder sleep now," he muttered, "for Cannibal Jim is dead."

Under the skillful hands of the local surgeon Captain Carson rapidly recovered, for the wound was not found to be so bad as was at first supposed, and as he declared that he would not stay on shore, a young surgeon, who was desirous of returning to the States, consented to sail with him and take care of him. Both ships were so nearly full that it was decided to cross the fishing grounds once and take what they could, and then sail for home. Good fortune, as usual, was with the Dolphin, and six weeks after leaving Honolulu the last tier of casks was filled, and they headed for the Horn on their homeward passage, Captain Jacobs chuckling that he had shaken off the light-heeled Lone Star.

Prince Porter was gaining golden opinions from the captain, and even the mates above him were ready to declare that, barring experience, he was as good as they. The passage home was uneventful, and one bright day, two years and six months from the time when they sailed, they passed the Capes of Delaware and headed for the Vineyard. When one day out, as the sun rose, there loomed up in plain view the well-known form of the Lone Star, with a signal set to speak them.

Both ships luffed up, and a boat came from the Lone Star. In the stern, looking worn and feeble, was Captain Carson.

"See here, old man," he said, as he came over the rail, "I've got an offer to make. I think I could beat you in, but I owe Prince Porter something, and if you agree, we'll sail in side by side and cast anchor together."

"Give us your paw!" cried Captain Stone,



grasping the hand of Carson warmly, "and we'll land from the same boat and take a drink together."

And they did it, too. And for many days all the talk in the Vineyard was of the strange voyage of the rival whalers, and their friendly arrival side by side.

Captain Jacobs was ready to say a good word for the "Prince of Whales," and as he meant to follow the sea, his chances were very good. Bunker did not care to make another voyage yet, and Trysail received command of a ship. And when, six months later, the Dolphin sailed again, Prince Porter was her second officer, and Tom Stone was his harpooner.

We might follow him further through his adventurous life, but perhaps it is enough to say that six years later he was one of the most trusted captains in the whaling fleet, and that wherever he goes Tom Stone is sure to follow. And Captain Carson and his chum, Captain Jacobs, who follow the sea no more, delight to recount the brave deeds which were done, time and again, by their brave young friend, Captain Prince Porter, the Prince of Whales. And it is the delight of these rare old sailors, when his ship is in port, to sit with him and yarn it, while the grizzled mate, Tom Stone, mixes the grog and speaks of the old days when Cannibal Jim and Billy Selleck were sailing in the Lone Star and came to such awful deaths.

THE END.

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